November at Eastwood.

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NOVEMBER AT EASTWOOD.

SERMONS,

BY

FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS.

"THE TRUE SHEKINAH IS MAN."
Chrysostom.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.
A. H. SMYTHE.

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PREFACE.

The Seven Sermons here printed were preached in Eastwood Chapel, at Seven successive services, during the month of November, 1879. *Having the only distinction of being the most easily obtainable fragment of a busy ministry, they can not pretend to much, if they would. They are thus published, from a reporter's notes, that they may serve as a memorial to those who heard them, of the preacher's unaffected gratitude for the generous atmosphere which brought them into existence.*

August 1, 1880.

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TO

FRANCIS C. SESSIONS, Esq.

AND

My Friends at Eastwood.

CONTENTS.

I. The Value and Destiny of Tears.

II. The Method of Revelation in Christ Jesus.

III. The Lord's Song in a Strange Land.

IV. As Dew Unto Israel.

V. The Weakness of One the Weakness of All.

VI. The Greatness of A Man The Greatness of God in Him.

VII. Shall we Change the Basis of Our Liberties?

SERMON I.

The Value and Destiny of Tears.

"Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle."—Psalms LVI, 8v.

"Tears," said Plato, "are man's best title to humanity;" and in saying this, indicated a large and true conception of manhood. He gave, at least, a suggestion of the fact that the architecture of tears is deeper than we know, and that he who has never brought forth, from all his experience in life, a warm and honest tear, can not be called a *great man*, though he has founded kingdoms and pushed his thought beyond the stars. Beneath Plato, to-day, I put the thought of David. For, if Plato be asked why a tear should give a man his broadest significance to men and God; why what seem to be the saddest suggestions our bodies can make of spiritual trouble should be taken as the proof of what is the sum-total of all our best characteristics, aims and endeavors; if Plato were asked why tears meant manhood, he would be found unable, from his own point of view, to say more than this: tears prove weakness and tears show tenderness; they prove that we are not as strong as we would be, nor so bad and hardened as we might be. Thus far does Plato go. It is the limit of his noble creed; it is the climax of his splendid philosophy.

But we can not help asking how it can be that tears, if even they do assert our lack of strength, and our as yet impressible natures, become our "*best title to hu-*

manity." Are they not wasted energies thrown out into the universe? Has not the heart which rounded them lost in its exposure of the secret of its grief? Are they more than additions to the moisture of the world without us? Do not these salty globules of warm water fall on cold ground, and are not their destinies ended with their mingling in the universal juices which refresh the planet? If they are valuable for any reason but to appear in glistened eyes and intimate that the soul within is consciously weak in comparison with the great, wide forces around it, and quite open to the floods of bereavement which may come—what reason is it? Plato is silent. But David is answering, in a prayer: "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle."

Correlations there are, correspondencies there are, compensations there are, in these spiritual dynamics, which outstretch those of physics, and act and re-act above by as much as the unseen transcends the seen, and the eternal overarches and lies beyond the temporal. David suggests a diviner correlation than that of Maudesley. He may unconsciously assert, but he certainly implies, a transfer of form without a loss of essence, as clearly as profoundly. He has felt the pressure of the question. He wonders if tears are mere drops of water, oozing from the eyes. He, however, solves his wonder, when, believing that nothing can be lost in this great universe, that things are correlated, that the forces of the soul which gave form to a single tear *can not* flee aimlessly and forever abroad through a wide cosmos, he prays his thought to God when he says: "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle."

That, friends, is the additional value which lies in tears—a value such as preserves them forever. Plato is right, but he is right with a larger and grander significance when David's thought lies beneath his own, as

the granite beneath the continent. They are more than hints of tenderness and weakness—our tears. They are forces embodied and made visible—forces which shall call about themselves destinies beside their own, and shall weave into new patterns of sweetness and goodness the threads of our mortal life. They are the expressions of spiritual facts—facts which make *humane* our lives and give man his "*best* title to humanity." They are the energies of the soul made tangible, and their value is so constant and organic, that God's great universe responds to their incarnations, so that to every falling tear, it becomes "God's bottle." To weep is to assert one's relation to the eternal God; it is to put into active work new-born forces of the mind. To shed tears is to enlarge one's own abilities to feel and bear the issues of one's experience within and through him, and, to do more—to add living and heart-warm energies to the aims and efforts of his race. To cherish sorrow is *personal*, to empty our grief into a tear makes it *human*. To express it is to refine it. A tear is the trouble we have had, all clarified of resentment, revenge or hate; and a tear from a grief-worn but honest nature is no more to be lost than fragrance from a homely but earnest flower. To tears, as to all positive forces, the universe itself is God's bottle. Plato wrote a greater truth than he knew. "Tears *are* man's best title to humanity," since he who gives them ceases to be individual and becomes human, and their entrance into the great world without, from a single soul within, is the advent of new and fresh impulses whose highest fruit in men is *humanity*.

Our prayers are often deeper than our ideas. A prayer is the melody which is swept up to God as the sentiments of worship, trust, and loyalty, touch every string of human nature. An idea is the vibration of

but a single string. David's prayer is his whole nature's longing. God had written all through it, the words, which, having been called forth, like successive notes of music, made this deep aspiration. His whole nature told the truth with which it was charged. He met face to face the idea that God had provided a place for his tears. The greatest truths are discovered in prayer. It is the attitude of soul which divines the mysteries; and that attitude comes of a convocation of all of one's powers, of which the prayerless soul is unconscious. David had never *thought* this out. He did not *come to the conclusion* that his tears ought not to be lost. He found this truth when he found himself in prayer. It went up to God as the crown of a loving hope that what was so true and sincere as his tears, might not be in vain and lost, but that they might fall into God's bottle. "God's bottle" is to David's tears the climax of adaptation. It is an example of the same law which finds wings with air which is suited to them, and men and women with Heaven and eternal life suited to them. This prayer is the "deep" of David's nature calling unto the "deep" in God's great plan. It was a cry which was answered when expressed. His tears were no more to fall like forces estray, or even, after some order, like the dew and the rain, but they were to find the depths of the cosmos all set to catch and utilize such new and pure energies; they were to fertilize human thought: they were to break with sweetest energy the hardened hearts: they were to warm a dormant will, and recreate a frigid soul; they were to enter the triumphant march of God's itinerant powers into whose strength he has committed the highest destinies.

There is profound truth in this prayer of David, which if we may find it, may be recognized as the Value and Destiny of Tears.

Unconsciously, it may be, but not less truly, did he here hint the fact that God alone knows the value of tears. He who knows us better than our friends and neighbors, yea even better than ourselves,—He hath a bottle for our tears. It must be that he saw nobody who seemed to understand the depth of *his* tears They who were near him tried to sympathize; they told of their troubles and the troubles of their friends and of sombody they had heard of. But to any of us, trouble is, and always will be, new, and no parallel to it can be found. No amount of sorrow can make the biography of a tear the less interesting or valuable. How we feel that the friend who tries to give his sympathy does not quite or even in a small measure apprehend our grief. He does not know that his case was totally unlike ours, but we know it was. Our tears were not born out of that feeling he described, and he does not know their value.

How, therefore, must we look through our tears into the infinite eye, that the value of our tears shall be known? "Put Thou my tears into *Thy* bottle," we say to God, when nobody seems to understand our suffering. He saw all along how they were forming. He knows the confluence of forces which made them. He saw long ago that they would come, and now that they fall from our eyes, He alone can *know* and does *understand* the reason of our weeping. Besides our tears are so much more truly a growth than those of our friends who sympathize with us imagine. The issues of many years lie slumbering in a tear, and the friends are dead that knew the springing forth of the first reason of our suffering. Besides, they did not half understand us even then. But God was there and He yet is. He was nearer us than our father, when the woe was first presented. Our mother's hand touched our foreheads, but He comforted our heart. He heard our cry then as our moan now,

as no one else. Oh! He has known it all. Through the weary years, He has come along with us, and while they do fall, we do feel that because He alone knows their biography, because He alone knows all the little episodes of each tear's history,—these tears, Oh God: let them "fall into *Thy* bottle." Other helpers have suggested to us that they were foolish, unmanly, and that we would get over it. But God has all the while left us to take His great mercies and then to see how foolish we were to think no eye warmed in sympathy with us; He has, each time, made us abide so near to Him that we saw that it had been no less manly to have trusted in Him while we wept; and in each instance, filled our souls so full of His spirit that it has seemed no large thing to get over; in fact, Oh, we see it now—in these very *human* tears there is not only so much *human* biography, but there is so much Divine biography that it is fit that they should fall into God's "bottle." These tears we now shed are related to all others. No tear can tell its story without calling to its side every tear which has fallen from that sad eye. They make history fluid and crystaline. A tear hides in its clearness, epochs, eras, ages; and that hiding is not the concealment of shallow darkness, but of profound light. To Him alone who can untwist what He Himself has made, who can unravel the light which He alone has created—to Him these tears shall go. He knew the grief they expressed, and having known the sorrows of which they are the clarified incarnation, it is His to keep the meaning and unfold them again and again in the evolution of His great ideas.

God only can fathom the depth of a tear. He knows how much thought, how much perception, how much feeling, how much desire, how much earnest longing, how much conflict, how much imagination, how much

hope, how much fear—He knows how much united effort of all the grand powers of a soul—His own image—lay buried in the first, and, to-day, glistens in silver shimmer in the last tear. Because He knows the greatness of the human soul, He knows the greatness of a tear. Your friend knows only the side he could see and that which you might choose to show him. But in God's omniscience it was cradled and through His omniscence it falls, until it is caught again into that same infinite *all-knowing*; out of that it never has been, and to leave it there is to lean upon Omnipotence while it falls.

To God alone is open the biography of a tear. He not only knows its genesis and history better than our friend, but He knows it better than we do. Our bottle can not hold it, for though we measure the sun, we have no methods of measurement for a tear. How few of us appreciate our own troubles! We fought "as one beating the air," and knew not what vast histories we wrote when the tears of our defeat fell. In them we do not see much. It was an aimless fight. But with God the eternities were interested. And our defeat, written in our tears, is a fact concerning which the everlasting heavens were all aglow over our heads. What we did not know lies in our tears. God alone can translate them. Let them fall into His bottle.

And then *ourselves*, immortal images of God, the priests of the King of Kings—when we do not know ourselves, can we know our tears? Out of the depths, they come. From faculties whose every motion writes eternal literature, they have issued. The hope in them is deep as infinity. The love in them is far-reaching as eternity. The imagination, latent within their crystal spheres, how great are its horizons; how it piles zenith over zenith; how it has woven firmaments above and around firmaments! All these execute their finest art in

a tear. A tear is a transparent description of the mind, a liquid record of the whole spirit. Nothing without means so much within. A tear is the human soul in its smallest incarnation. It is the mind of a man, like the name of Keats, "writ in water." God alone, who understands us—He knows our tears. Let them fall into God's bottle. He who gave the sweet child to you, knows your tears. He who flooded your souls with ambition, He who saw you try so hard, He knows your tears. He who cast over your head eternal blue and filled you with uprising hope, He knows your tears. He who wooed you to goodness once through a mother's love, and He who now hears your repentance, He knows your depths of feeling, He fathoms your tears. He who taught your instincts to say, *my mother*, He who led you to love the companion of your love, He who impelled you to friendship, He who brought your dearest gift, and He who heard your sigh and woe, He alone knows how to appreciate your tears. See, therefore, that you do not hold them, nor compel them to flow back into your soul. See that to no one else you give them. For He who can appreciate your tears has a right to your tears, for your sake. Let your tears fall into God's bottle.

But the worth of tears is not measured, practically, so much by what they embody of history and personal biography, nor even by what they are in and of themselves, as by what they can do. As forces rather than as facts, does the utilitarian tendency of our time look even at tears. We reduce all things to forces. We say matter is a vitalized collection of forces. We assert that mind is the climax of the forces within responding to the forces without. It is not strange, therefore, that we want to estimate tears as we do acids and alkalines. But if we must yield to this modern spirit, we must have the advantage of modern discoveries, and be allowed to illus-

trate this topic in modern nomenclature. And this we may do, assured that the truth will not suffer if it is brought face to face with itself.

The secret of force is correlation. Things are related; and their relationships give them their value. To perceive that a thing is related to the universe is to perceive its universal worth. It is to enlarge its value, by so much as all things are greater than itself. We must see everything as of this universal sort. All is force or the phenomena of force. But forces are equivalent: that is, they may be transformed or may even transform themselves into one another. This is correlation. Motion and heat are correlated. They can be changed, each into the other, and measure for measure. Electricity and light may be resolved into motion and into each other. Thus every force or collection of forces may and does rush up and down the avenues of the universe, bearing its burdens, modifying all things, meeting and conquering other forces, and thus forever to continue activities whose every movement is charged with the destinies of worlds.

Now, my hearers, that whole hypothesis lies latent in the spiritual dynamics of David. "Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle" is the idea of the conservation and correlation of spiritual force, expressed in a prayer. It is a truth in our mechanics of the soul, which is borne upon the tideless sea of peaceful repose in God, and is carried amid storm and tempest, as well, like a white crown upon a wave of that chaotic sea of trouble and woe. *No force shall be wasted*, says the soul. These tears are my life, and they have incarnated forces which shall run on forever. Let them fall into God's bottle.

How careless in pursuit of the truth is a single-eyed soul! How David oversteps his image! The custom, you know, was to collect into a bottle the tears shed at

the funeral of the dead, and to deposit them in this condition in the tomb. But David's thought makes the universe of God a huge bottle to receive them, and smashes his metaphor with the weight of his idea when he therewith implies, whether consciously or not, that their mission does not end there. Being in God's world, as bundles of forces, they shall dissolve and reunite, it may be a thousand times; but they shall certainly mingle the ideas they carry, the sentiments with which they are burdened, the deep-toned volitions with which they tremble, with things, that only the enfolding eternities shall gather the harvests of their effort; only the infinite beyond shall feel the values with which they were charged, by the soul which gave them forth.

And so, I think, a diviner conservation and correlation than we know of, exists in our undiscovered worlds of spirit. When we get through with the blinking brachiopod, we shall know more of the genesis and destiny of those drops of spirit-dew which weigh down human eyelids. Yea, verily, we are living amidst a universal correlation, and conservative it all is of those forces which have eternity within them. This text is the highest touch of this philosophy.

In it is implied that if one would save his tears he must not let them fall backward into the sad soul, but must give them forth to enter God's bottle. A sorrow clarified into a tear is an addition to the moral capital of the race. If it is kept hidden within a breast, it is not saved. It becomes resentment, or distrust, or doubt, or revenge, or darkened loneliness. But given forth, it becomes clear of all but its deep sadness, and as it falls into the universal melody, it chastens this harsh note into sweetness; it gives inexpressible tenderness to that heavy bass; and transforming so many tones of severity into tones of tear-burdened clearness, it has become a

missionary to bless the world. The sorrow has been saved by the bodying it forth in a tear, and countless values are attached to it, since it has fallen into God's bottle. Our trouble is a synthesis, a collection of expressed forces. Its expression must be of as universal value as force itself, and of such infinite preciousness of quality as the human soul.

What correlations there are! A tear has more changes in possibility than anything else. A woman weeps over a wreck. Nothing else could be transmitted into *his thought* but *her tear.* The correlation is a fact. *He thinks.* "She loves me, *me.*" The manhood, asleep for years, rouses. *He feels*; the light of *her* tear has been changed into the electricity of *his* sentiment, penetrating every tissue of his soul, and he stands upon his feet. *He wills;* the heat of *her* warm tear has been transformed into the motion of *his* volition, and with a swift foot, he flies into her arms, and there seals himself to the possibility of becoming and remaining a man, forever. Such is the conservation of a tear which has fallen into God's bottle, and such is the result of its correlation in the infinite realm of soul. I tell you, this morning, that you do not save your powers except by giving them in the great world. This is a law of which this example of this morning is only one illustration. The value of *my* things, after all, is the value inherent within them for the world. A tear is not private property. It is individual, if you keep it. If you give it to men, in God's bottle, it is human, and has an eternal possibilty of modification, into their love, hope, faith and manhood.

Life would be cold enough if it were not for the tears which, falling into God's bottle, circulate the force they bring with them, though the currents of a tender, generous, and sympathetic life. We would think it were all business, philosophy, speculation in wheat and ideas,

building engines, loading ships, and watching bargains and courts of law, if, like evangels of the heart, the tears came not into the world, to make less rigid the scheming, less severe our thought, less oppressive our mechanical life, less like a tyrant and more like a father, all our civilization. We would be alienated from each other and civilization would fall to peices, if now and then, the heart spoke not in tears.

Tears have saved nations. They are only individuals on a large scale. A law which is true with the individual is true with the nation. The sympathies, the sentiment of the nation, must be embodied in national life or anarchy will come, rebellion will assert its rule. To save a nation, its heroes have put "tears into God's bottle." Look at Italian liberty, to-day. The Rome of Ceasar has become the Rome of Emmanuel and Humbert. Was it thought which made the initiative and melted the chains of Austria? Stand in Genoa. A boy with his mother, sees a refugee's eye of fire glistening through tears. As the tall form comes to him, holding out a white handkerchief, and saying, "with tears in every tone:" "For the refugees of Italy,"—the boy is in tears also. Tears which shall move all Europe, fall from his eyes. He cannot speak. He puts on black for his country. Nobody else feels as he does. Weary, tearful nights come, until finally, Joseph Mazzini stands before all Europe, clad in the heroism of sorrow, filled with the eloquence of tears, crying: "We will uncover our wounds, we will drag forth from our prisons and the darkness of despotism, documentary evidence of our wrongs, our sorrows, and our virtues. We will descend into the dust of our sepulchers and display the bones of our unknown martyrs in the eyes of foreign nations. We have given ear to the cry, and we will repeat it until Europe shall learn the greatness of the wrong.

We will say unto the people: Such are the souls you have bought and sold, such is the land you have condemned to isolation and eternal slavery." The tears fell. Garibaldi put his tears also into God's bottle. They wept, while they voiced Italy, when Mazzini shouted, "We have drunk the cup of slavery to the dregs, but we have sworn never to fill it again," and Garibaldi rallied his tearful heroes, with the words: "In recompense for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, cold, thirst, war and death; who accepts these terms, let him follow me."

The slave wept his own chains away. Garrison identified himself so thoroughly with him, that his tears woke the thought of a nation. Harriet Beecher Stowe translated them into "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the last translation of that book was heard in the great proclamation of freedom. All the history of that great conflict was the story of the transformation of the tears of the slaves. Their correlation is civil history, and the annals of the free are the record of their conservation. Such energies as may make honest tears, girdle the world in what is well-nigh omnipotence. No barriers can forestall the missionary energy of the smallest tear. Oceans are crossed. Dynasties and despotisms melt away, and the race of men are conscious of the fact, that beneath all human civilization lies the human heart.

To reach this idea, there must be garnered harvests of thought which have been watered with tears. Joan of Arc bore in her prayer to heaven the tears of France, when nothing but tears were left, until heaven attired her in eternal panoply for victory. Tears made her heroism pathetic. It was the "eternal womanly" that heard them fall for so many years, and as always "there is neither man nor woman in Christ

Jesus," it was the *humanity* of her soul which hurled the armed hosts of England from the gates of Orleans. The tears of serfs broke, as they fell, the shackles of Russian oppression. The tears of the oppressed woke Wilberforce, who saw all the wrong of the past, and rested not until the land of Milton and Cromwell held no slaves. Yea, verily, the tears of the world are the capital of civilization, as truly as the thoughts of the world. They give literature feeling, and instruct the philosophy of the world in the deeper language of the heart. They humanize art by adding heart to brain, and filling with warm enthusiasm the dreams of the masters. Tears fell upon the marble and made Powers' 'Greek Slave.' Tears were mixed with colors in Turner's 'Slave Ship.' Tears helped Mrs. Browning to "sit upon the deck, and listen through the silent stars for Italy," and made Euripides so dear to the hearts of all men, as that he is called

> "Old Euripides, the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rise to touch the Spheres."

Every age of thought needs the infusion of the heart's experiences. An age is broad and noble as it has tears and uses them. A grand time is a time expressive of all the soul of man—a time wherein every idea of progress, every speculation of advancing thought is humanized with the warmth of tears. What our age needs is the perception of the infinite values which lie hidden in the heart. The tears of the Indian, the tears of the family ruined by rum, the tears of the oppressed classes everywhere;—these shall move the wheels of destiny; these shall carry the burdens of our time unto the great City. The tears of the present are the glittering worlds of revelation which shall bless and save the

future. Falling into God's bottle, they speak their own subtle conservation and correlation; they globe the clearest experiences of the past to touch and fertilize the future of the world.

Taking Paul's idea, and adding unto the sufferings of Jesus our own sufferings, that the human side of the atonement may be complete, is to seize hold and make use of another idea: that the human voice which lost its dear utterances in those tears on Calvary, preached to all, the lurking omnipotence within these shining drops of grief. No less than the thoughts of Jesus, do His tears yet move the world. If the thoughts of Jesus have produced Gladstone, long ago, on that soil, His tears produced John Howard. His ideas brought out Sara Coleridge, His tears roused Florence Nightengale; His ideas and His tears produced Elizabeth Barrett Browning. His own *at-one-ment* could only have its origin and consummation in tears. Its root lies in the nature of things, all saturated with human tears, its blossom is hung with tears, which are first the language of repentance and afterwards the language of eternal gratitude. The tears at the grave of Lazarus have comforted the parched soil of many a soul, as they have rallied into new life the roots of goodness beneath. "*Jesus Wept*": all history knows that; modern civilization and the possibilities of eternal progress attest it. His tears are at work to-day. They have fructified the vegetation of christendom, and filled each citizen of the world with the idea that he is also a citizen of the heavens. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," this is a tear in another form; and whether it fled in a drop of sadness from the eyes of that suffering body, we know not, but we do know that it has regenerated the world. With it, came tears, which, having fallen in God's bottle, have nurtured manhood and womanhood, and to-day fall near

you, that you may get all their love, truth, beauty and hopes, and transfer them into forms of goodness and growth. Yes, to teach us more than that, they come. They come to teach us that as Jesus put himself in God's hands that He might be and do the most, so, for our own sakes, if for no other reason, we ought so to place ourselves, our ambition and love, into His hands, as that, like the tears of Jesus, ours should fall into God's bottle.

For this is the secret of moral greatness, after all—this putting all into God's lines of destiny, and thus adding to our own forces, the forces of the Omnipotent. All our life is a partnership with God. The genius of the universe is the silent partner. We preserve our riches by adding them to His. This is the conservation; this is the mighty economy through correlation, this is the method of preserving tears—our giving them forth and "into God's bottle." That bottle is the universe; and the relations they bear to things become universal, the outlook for their activity and mission becomes eternity. To get its full power in the world, a tear must be put into God's bottle.

Indeed no force, or set of forces, acts at the full intensity and with its full sweep of influence, until it is let loose among its kind, until it mingles with the thousand forces which move the planets in their spheral march. A spark let go and on wires makes visible the invisible; and for a time, sets aside the dualism of our philosophy. And a great idea of liberty, or the rights of men, copies upon the world the geography of the soul. Within the range of yet loftier laws, fall our tears. When they fall into God's bottle, they retain all that was great and good, eternal and universal, and lose all that was temporal or special; they come under the great movements of the Infinite and are incorporated with the

activities of the Eternal God, and there and then begin that mighty action and reaction which go on forever.

We can scarcely believe so much, because our eyes see so little; yet he who has shed an honest tear and ensphered it with the prayer, "Oh God, put it into Thy bottle," knows that within it are riches vaster than he could estimate, and that "the far-off interest of tears" must exceed all his thought. We do see more than we remember to have seen. Our tears—they do charge the ideas of our friends with affection, they loosen the bands of rigorous legalism, they infuse sentiment into the machinery of life, they make rough and unyielding custom pitiful and sympathetic, and conquer the giants—mammon, habit, and crime—with the omnipotent artillery of the heart. Add to this, the influences of the Almighty, and what shall they become!

To give anything to God is to universalize its influences. Nature lies in His hand, and thereby has a right to be called *natura—the about to be born.* Is it not so, that the corners in which we have hid our hot tears are the places where have been concealed the treasures of the world? They have scalded our spirits, they would only have warmed the life of a race. This individual sadness of our own must become human hope to them. We ought to speak the heart of us as well as the head. Every crystal wall of defence thus thrown out and heaped upon the edges of our being, is at once the pathetic declaration that wrong exists somewhere and an eloquent plea for the sovereignty of right. The fortifications themselves have conquered enemies. The tear of a child was the breast-work which bended the point of the murderer's knife.

For what we see of the harvests, we must not keep or waste our tears. Who can add most force to them—into His bottle let them fall. But forces themselves are

God's ideas in motion, as laws are His ideas at rest—therefore we shall not refuse to shed them, nor shall any human hand gather them, to wonder at them, but He who knows them and hath omnipotence wherewith to fill them—He shall count them, and into His bottle shall they fall.

Because they are full of eternal energies, they have eternal possibilities. Therefore their harvests do not always come to us, here. You would not look with certainty of expectation for a rose in March, yet now and then, the March days bring us these beautiful flowers; and now and then, to prove the values beyond, does a tear harvest, here. From a place of influence does a great voice plead, this morning. Years ago, it was lost within cries of delirium. All the while, the tears did fall. They fell into God's bottle. "Oh God," she said, "Thou alone cans't woo him, by the Holy Ghost." More and more transparent did the tears become; warmer and yet larger, did her great heart make them; until, at last, he looked through them, and said, when his companion ridiculed the idea of prayer: "What, no power in my mother's prayers! I'd rather have 'em than the world, and I'm going to live like she does."

A year ago, it may be, you shed tears of repentance. How they turned things around; what powerful things they are? They started the wheels of the world for you, and by their clearness you saw a home in heaven and a vision of God. One tear of repentance, falling into God's bottle, makes a new creation; and he who is capable of a tear has proven himself capable of the kingdom of heaven.

O! such, ye who weep!—such are the earthly possibilities of your tears, and as heaven is higher than the earth, such is but the suggestion of the destinies which lie beyond them. These eyes seem to be the earth-

ly coasts of great seas within us. Seas, whose waves reflect immensity, whose deeps are eternity; great wide areas of manhood; boundless possibilities of bearing burdens from coast to coast—large and great are the billowy powers with currents and gulf-streams and deep mysteries—seas, covered with white-winged crafts, and arched with a limitless sky—and these seem bounded with these earthly coasts. Now and then, the forces are let loose, and a tempest sweeps the wreathed waves along the trembling bosom and upon the shore, to break, to fall into a thousand fragments, to hang like small pendent seas from the edges of the coast, to mingle with the world again, and circulate the universe around. Such are our tears. They are the broken fragments of this life, in this body, and behind these eyes. Trouble, hope, noble aspiration or sorrow, sweeps the manhood against the earthly shores which bind it in; and as a small sea, holding the same sun, reflecting the same stars, every tear hangs upon this frowning coast to remind the universe that within the coasts lies a boundless sea. Falling into God's bottle, they refresh and fertilize the world.

The Weakness of One, the Weakness of All.

HYMN.

(Park Street.)

Over our heads, oh God! is hung
A tender and a lofty sky,
Let its deep glory touch our tongue—
Its edges touch eternity.

Over our heads, Thou God of all!
Rises and sweeps Thy fatherhood;
That from these human lives, so small,
May grow our mutual brotherhood.

When Thy remotest child is weak,
His weakness wearies all our song;
When *human* good thy children seek,
Comes *human* progress large and strong.

Show us the Fatherhood of God.
Let us Thy tender glory scan.
Give men the life-discovering rod;
Teach us the brotherhood of man.

SERMON II.

The Weakness of One, the Weakness of All.

"Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"—Corinthians, XI Chap., 29v.

To Paul, Jesus Christ was the consummation of things, as well as the Son of God. This was one of his great working ideas. I tried to show you, not long since, the power of that thought with Paul and the value which it now has to all the deepest thought and holiest aspiration of our race. But Paul was beset and filled with another idea quite as important, and even more important as regards the outlook of his race, and the mastery of those sublime possibilities with which things seem invested, and which, under that holiest and highest mastery, domesticate the city of God and make the civilization of time that of eternity.

And that idea was this: Jesus Christ is the architect of the millennium; he revealed God to men; he revealed men to themselves and to each other, and in doing this, he showed that the unity of the race under God had a divine significance, and meant, in the light of the new conceptions with which Jesus had illustrated everything, that the greatness of the race lay in the greatness of the individual members composing it, while also, the greatness of the individual, in all its wide grandeur, could only be reached in the relationships it held and in the reaction of its personal strength with the greatness of the race.

Thus, whether consciously or unconsciously, did the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man organize and produce its consummate fruit in Paul. His theology made his anthropology. The science of Divinity with him made and controlled the science of Humanity. And his whole political philosophy, social science, and civil government are blessed with the thought of introducing upon the earth, the civilization of the skies.

It is, men and women, a *powerful* theology, and it yields a *powerful* result. It proposes *powerful* men. That is the goal, *man at his best.* It has no doubt of his having a *best*, and its whole query is how shall he attain it, until looking into the face of Jesus, it breaks into a sublime answer, and assumes that since every man and humanity are organically related and shall inevitably operate one upon the other, the power of one is that of the other, and in the alliance of both lies the world of the future. This is the paradox of power: I am powerful when all men are powerful, I am stronger when all other men are stronger. These are the ethics of power: It is right to have all other men as powerful as one's self for the sake of one's own power; he whose power laughs at lesser powers, builds weakness to weakness. And these are the politics of power: The weakness of each is the weakness of all, and every man's power is capital for the race.

Clearly does Paul, and I want you to know how real an idea of this sort was to that thinker—forcefully does this thorough man press this thought to its place in the philosophy of Christianity, which, he conceives, is the science of manhood. Why, when it came to his own door, he says; "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest it make my brother to offend." His weakness is my weakness, and if I am right in heart, if these truths have really

taken hold of me, "when he is offended, I burn." And there is a reason for it all. He is valuable; so valuable is he, that Christ died for him. "And shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died." Oh, there is abundant reason. We must put the valuation on men in our theories, that Jesus put on men when Gethsemane and Calvary came. That is the valuation of man which shall make civilization of men and fill it full of the glory of God. You are sinning against him who fails, and against Jesus, who has great ideas which He proposes to realize for God and for man, which ideas, however, must need use all such men, as the great temple of redeemed and enthroned manhood shall ascend to the skies. Why, and Paul did urge it, "when ye sin so against the brethren and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ." Such is the thought of Paul, and to such a conception our drooping civilization must be brought until it shall not only see, intellectually, the force of the fact that one's weakness is the weakness of every one else, but feel, ethically, that warning which arises from every true nature, when a man, anywhere, has been offended.

Now, taking this conception, let us look at it as it comes through this text, in this two-fold theoretical and ethical manner, and find, if we may, the truth it bears to our lives, this morning.

One of the old troubles of the world is to believe that the philosophy, "live and let live" is safe. We have got far enough on our way, to think that it may be right and just, but we doubt seriously if it is expedient and prudent. At all events, you will agree with me, this morning, that we have not yet got to the belief that "live and let live" is not only right, but safe, and that it is also the very highest policy. We have not believed, in our practice, that it is the best and most far-

sighted policy to let other people be great and grand in goodness and truth, noble and highminded in effort and achievement, for the sole reason that we want to attain these things ourselves. We cannot get it into our life, that the most scheming plans we could think out for the realizing of our own desire, to be and to do something —would take in the well-being of everybody else, and carefully guard all the other men and women in the world, from getting weak and losing the power, with which they have to do just what we want to do. And yet that is the purest but grandest selfishness which realizes; "Who is not weak, and I am not weak." It is the place where unfragrant selfishness blossoms into fragrant selfhood, and asserts its splendid protest to any limitation of the power of any other struggling man: "Who is offended, and I burn not."

We are looking for success. We could hardly let this morning service intervene. We believe that there are people that somehow must be got out of our way. They are more brilliant than we are. They are going beyond us. While we wonder how they can be made to fall, it may be, some of them are wondering to see how much room there is where they are for us and wishing that we were there, while the rest wonder, how we can expect to get along carrying so much jealousy—which always weakens the one who carries it. We say they are over-estimated, but they go on. They move so easily, while our jealousy almost worries us to despair. We wonder if they cannot be ashamed to do so much, and then we think: that is what we want to do. They are in our way, that is all. We could be and do something, if so many other people were not at it. Their weakness would be capital to us. We wish they could somehow be persuaded—even *compelled* to abdicate—not of course in our favor, but in nobody's favor, so that at least the

way might be clear. And so it is, that many men cannot understand why there should be two good lawyers in the same town. One tailor, one doctor, one preacher, one store-keeper—indeed, just one man—with some *people* to look at him—towns of this sort might be settled in the far West without number. This is exactly what Jesus was so hard with—Ceasarism. And the republic of goodness which He set up, is exactly what has given pain to all the monarchical ideas of men and nations, since He set afloat His idea into the world. In the light of these truths, as hinted by Paul, how rank and foolish are the little, petty, and mean jealousies of history, which made humanity bleed, and held the world of the future in the grave of the past.

"Who is weak," cries this man, in whom the greatness of goodness is seen, "and I am not weak."

Oh, if you are waiting for a time of weakness to be strong, I pray you know the deceit you fabricate. All the idea you have of power is a relative one. You are trying to get power which you propose to compare with pure weakness—a thing which shows what sort of power yours shall be, when you do get it. It will be only better than weakness—that is its depth and height. What a shameful sight, to see a man standing in this grand universe, fretting to be only more than nothing! What is no power at all? Weakness needs no competition, and who so succeeds, only in out-doing nothing, succeeds in making himself the most pitiful object of worlds. For besides debasing the true conception of power, he has added to its lack of value, a pitifully small idea of his measure and influence.

Real human power loves to gaze into the face of power. Goodness is most powerful, and loves all other goodness. What good man but loves all other good men? Their very power unites them. True power waits for

alliance. It loves companionship, and from the eternal hearth of God flashes its love across valleys, into hearths like its own.

"Who is weak and I am not weak?" It amounts to nothing to succeed in the midst of weakness. It takes no stern manhood to walk down grade. But to climb to the pastures of the clouds, to mount to the home of the eagle, that takes good blood and veins, and muscles, and nerves of power.

Every man you make weak adds that much of a burden to those who would be strong. Every man made strong adds that much more burden-bearing power and relieves you all the more for your sublime ideals. Oh, it is a grand thing to live among grand forces. Every good man partakes of the greatness of God, and every truly great man meets him at the source of goodness. To live among the great is to make life great, and thus to exalt ourselves. And this civilization, of which Paul dreams, is that society whose very atmosphere is power.

It means more to be true, since Paul Revere. It is more to be faithful, since Grace Darling. It is a greater thing to be patriotic, since Washington. It is a loftier duty to be brave, since that miner's descent into the smoke. It is a larger privilege to be noble, since Charles Kingsley, and a grander thing to be a man since the true and noble men that have lived and died, unknown and unhonored, have come and gone. They have all added to the grandeur of your life and mine. They are our friends, for they make it impossible for us to deceive ourselves with false power; they make our manhood come out, if we have it, and awaken the unconscious power of the world by their conscious victories.

The idea of Paul is as long as it is broad. His notion of the power of a human being is that every other man's

strength enters into his own force, and it must be, that every other man's weakness enters into his own weakness. You are trying to live a true life, to-day. You enter the effort as an heir real and an heir apparent. You inherit the past—this you cannot avoid; the atmosphere is filled with the harvests of the years. The sun that looks down on you, looked on Abraham and Confucius, Noah and Laotse, Jacob and Buddha. The moon lit, with her silver glow, the evenings of Rome and Carthage, Babylon aud Jerusalem, as now she lights London and Paris. The skies covered the philosophies, sciences, arts, love, fear and ideals of all the centuries past, as they overlap and guard our life. And with these skies, come all the years and their leaders, the centuries and their kings, the ages and their thinkers—all the past, with all its workers, and all their workings. Heirs of all that has gone, all that is—we stand in its temple, we perform with its powers, we do and dare, we rise and fall, we shriek defeat or shout triumph, in the midst of the mysteries, and upon its deep broad foundations. All that the old planet has known and felt and thought and longed for and willed—all that the world has crystalized into action and deeds, and all that lay like the skirts of heaven, the panoply of the ideal, above her—all this is here. In this and from this all, we start our mortal life.

Here is every Nero. What of wrong he did weakens the precedent of right. It never touches right itself, but it is so much of wrong to be over-come. It is that much a minus to our capital. Every saint is here and adds his ray to the on-marching glory. Every holy man who held his soul under God, every true woman who bore so much and seemed to accomplish so little, every thorough human being who lived divinely in very squallid places, every man who lived heartily as unto

God, when without God he should have had no reason for living at all—every man who had power is here and by your side. But you are conscious of much more. Every man who hunted for the safe thing and forgot the struggling right, every woman who hid her love in crime and sin, every human being who sought out the expedient instead of the true, the prudent instead of the just, the politic instead of the eternally good—every tyrant of opinions, every lover of ambition, every self-conceited bigot, every oppressor, every hand of wrong is also here and by your side. Here are we with this great array of powers. Do we not seem to look down the ages, as though they were halls of the present, and finding that the atmosphere in which we live has been purified by goodness, and again made vile with badness, as we see how everybody's weakness has come into our own, even as every man's power has entered into our own, shall we not answer the question as we ask it: "Who is weak and I am not weak?"

But so, also, a man is a citizen of the present. It is a prouder boast to him who understands it, than that of an ancient tine: "*I am a Roman citizen.*" The atmosphere in which we live is as much potency or impotency as the hand of one's body. It is power or weakness of a quite different sort, but it is power or weakness, nevertheless. It is impersonal, the other is personal. And so this atmosphere of ideas and ideals, of desires and affections, of hope and fear, of right and wrong, is strength or feebleness, of the same sort. All this right and wrong was personal once. Some man added to what came to him, what he had. It came from the falling Adams, the faithful Abrahams, the noble Samuels, the ignoble Sauls. It was all personal once, and it does not take long for a personal power to get

hold of it again and make it of all, a living, acting, wonder-working thing.

Thus we come into the present, to use all the past and the present for the future. Here is a man doing some ordinary work. He knows that there is a true ideal, that ideal has been added to and builded up by the past. All the other workmen of his kind have affected it by their personal activity in that direction. He is a carpenter, making a box of a certain sort. Every man who ever made one added to or subtracted from the ideal possible box which he may realize. That ideal is very impersonal. And yet it was so personal, in its origin, development, and in the way people look at it, that the minute he approaches the task of making a box, it falls into his power, it adds itself to his strength for making the best box he can, and he is then able to make a better one than he could have done without the ideal, and he is not so able to make as good a one as he might, if that ideal were still better and thus more powerful. There the personal power merges into itself and uses the impersonal. And why? Because that ideal is nothing but the powers of all the past and present, in the form of an idea; and because their strength thus may become his own. So in our smallest dealings with the things about us, Paul's philosophy holds good, "Who is weak and I am not weak."

And so it is, my hearers, with all of human doing. Those great powers—yes, I will call them *great powers*, the ideals of an age—they are capital; and the voices of the past have left them so nearly personal, so human, to say the least, that a man must see them merge into his power in all great or small doings. He who has been weak has affected them and affects every man who has to do with them. We fight with the consolidated energies behind us, and no man was ever

weak or strong whose weakness and strength are not felt to-day.

How the whole line of reformers have been conscious of this great law of unities! How they have felt the whole past nerve them, or palsy their arm! How every man does feel the sublime fact of what lies in *doing*, as he knows that every man who has *done* before him adds to or limits his ability to *do!*

Once John Brown visited Charles Sumner in Boston. Charles Sumner had felt the blow of that monster, human slavery, in the halls of legislation. As Senator, but a few days before, Preston Brooks had beat him to the floor, with a heavy weapon of death. On Sumner's coat, blood and gore still remained. It hung in the closet. John Brown fixed his eyes on it. His soul flew into his face. His lip quivered. His frame shook. He was receiving the charge. His whole nature seemed open and receptive. He went. Harper's Ferry came; the thunder of war broke from the four corners of the heavens; and it went on until every man under the stars and stripes walked without a chain. Add to Sumner the loyalty of the whole North, and you have the power with which that power allied itself. And thus all the centuries through, the great deeds in great places, and that still more sublime thing, the great deeds in small places, come, simply because, the centuries along, noble, true, and faithful human beings have added to goodness their strength and have thus given to men an air in which their struggling efforts might realize themselves.

John Huss has added power to any man who tries to reform a single soul, or a world. We are strong in the strengths of those who make an atmosphere for our efforts. The Wycliffes make the Robertsons possible, and such as Servetus make them powerful. Ah Paul,

"Who is strong and I am not strong, who is triumphant and I tremble not with rapture."

We feast on the air they made pure. We linger with the inspiration they added to the world. We refresh our thirst in streams they discovered. We press with our joyous feet mountain-tops to which they showed the route. We thrill with music they uttered for the first time; and we gaze as they draw aside the curtains of bigotry and ignorance, and give us new visions of the glory of God.

How many men who knew no stake have nevertheless felt that while all other things, gifts, handshakings, compliments, and praise, were given them, nothing was so valuable to them as the stake, where some man took wings of fire for heaven? How, here and there we meet men, who had fallen in the midst of great salaries and a huge church, if it had not been for a certain old thumb-screw, at which some man showed that they could not twist the manhood out of him? How many men have almost failed in heart in the sublime endeavor to purify politics and guard the liberties of men, when they remembered Hampden, and forthwith took their fields by storm! How many eyes have strained and looked from out of the midst of seeming defeat into the souls of Warren and Anderson, whence they have reorganized themselves for the shout of triumph? How all the good and great are bound together! Centuries can not divide them. Continents can not separate them. The eyes flash each into each, and forthwith, like Minerva from the head of Jove, comes power armed and beautiful.

With the progress of thought, the same story is to be told. The past is conquest, and upon it we build. The Bacons and Aristotles, the Platos and Kants, all of the philosophy of the past, enters into the simplest thinking of our boys at school. Strong they are

through the strengths that have gone before. These newly-lighted zones are skies to them, under which they play. Capital, which flowed from a thousand sources of private faithfulness and power, makes the intellect of the world, in whose dome we dream and kindle fires for ages to come. All public opinion has been private opinion, and in private opinions, power and weakness have their genesis and begin their operation. The French Revolution, which was organized weakness, began in the minds of the French Encyclopædists. And the sacredness of public opinion, in which we have to make our effort, abides always in the sacredness of the private soul.

But we do not depend on the great names. Sad and heavy would be the skies, if the nameless, who were not weak, had not thus cleared them of darkness and freed the escutcheon of the universe from cloud. The reformer, who sat alone and reformed his own soul, cleared the world above his head, straight to the dome. The woman, who wept in woe and yet was true, emancipated her zenith from gloom. The true and the good, the noble and faithful, the honest and burden-bearing, the earnest and sacrificing—all of them, this day, are here in this air, where we feel we ought to be men and women, where we feel there circulate the breezes of heaven, where we know whispers the voice of eternity and stands the eternal God.

They were not strong in vain. When they were weak we were weak also, and with their power, with the capital they loan us, we set ourselves up in the magnificent business of being men of God, to-day.

Brethren, this air of righteousness is personal—it sweeps from the skies and bears the personal endeavors of the true and blest. This whole influence, which excites, urges, pleads, demands manhood, is surely bor-

rowed from the mighty past. This is the river of God, which has splashed over the rocks and bears these white spots of foam—the record of its contact with character and worth somewhere. Oh, how we are related to them all! No man is strong or weak, but a race gains or suffers. Say it all, Paul! "Who is weak and I am not weak, who is strong and I am not strong."

If a man is strong at all, he is strong for the race of men, and in and through him, they are strong. There is no private strength; and in a grand sense, there is no private victory. As the right of a man is only a special presentation of the right of men, so the success of a man is the record, which he has dared to make with the capital his race has furnished, and to results which unconsciously affect the progress and destinies of humanity.

This comes of the nature of things. The character of truth gives character to all its manifestations and embodiments. Truth is, in its nature, not particular but universal. Every truth extends its potency far as the confines of things, and helps to bind the whole into a boundless unity. And thus, he who takes it into him gives himself unto it, and finds an application to all the legatees of that divine treasure.

This is what makes wide and large the destiny of a human being. It is this yielding himself to the ideal which covers and enwraps the real; this giving up his nature to great facts that he may possess their power; this springing out of the individual life, in which he is hiding himself, and taking the privilege of a universal life with the truth he sees; this losing his special career, and saving it in the large general career of the Eternal; this placing a single tone, which could not be music alone, in the line of a great idea, which shall gather it with all others, and make one infinite sweep of melody, in whose grasp lies the victory of God.

He who thinks by attaching a truth to himself, to save the truth and extend its scope, finds that he has also saved himself by attaching himself to the truth and extending his scope, far as its outreaching destinies.

And this is the secret of power. But not only this, my hearers, lies in our text this morning. The secret of weakness also lies open here, "who is weak and I am not weak."

Just as when a man's power becomes human as well as personal by his devotion to truth, so his weakness becomes human as well as personal, because he has not placed himself in the line of those energies which make for the good of men. He has not enlisted in the army of the forces dearest to the progress of the race. He is so much more of a load to carry and so much less of an inspiration to those who bear the burdens. He is a vulnerable spot to maladies that get to be human by first having been personal. He is humanity's weak place, the avenue through which disease may come to the heart of the race, rather than the healthful, strong and earnest inlet, through which great power might come to refresh the minds of men.

How, everywhere, these ideas of Paul find illustrations! No man can agree to be weak without infringing upon his race. It is as though a city with poor drainage and ill arranged methods of sewage, with no desire to be clean and no thought of the danger of disease, should think that the yellow fever might build its grave-yards in her streets and make coffins and tombs out of the houses, without casting forth a menace to the health of the world, and making less strong to resist and bear, every city along the coasts and in the now healthful valleys. Every man is a city and citadel. He holds, in some sense, the power and progress of his kind. He is the whole race on a small scale. He feels their on-go-

ing life. His nature is conscious of their hopes and fears. At that point in the universe where he stands, every man is humanity. He represents a race. His power is not his own in its application and influence. He receives for the race. He gives for the race. He can not be simply special, individual, personal, if he would. He must also be human in all that he does. To admit into himself a wrong is to let it enter the race. To allow disease to enter him is to introduce it into the veins of his kind. To receive error is to yield that fortress of man to a lie; and to open the doors of his nature to weakness is to humanize it. So it is that we act and re-act for and upon one another. "Who is weak and I am not weak. Who is offended and I burn not."

But Paul does not stop with the mere intellectual sight he has of the fact, that humanity is a unit and hence a power. This great truth falls into the depths of his nature and rouses his feelings. It is an ethical thing, now—a force of his being. Duty strikes this idea: "who is weak and I am not weak," with her hand of power, and makes it: "who is offended and I burn not." Every offense against a man is an offense against every other man. Every chain on the fartherest coast is a menace to the liberty of your own soul and body. Every struggle is a race-struggle. The heavens arch the individual and mankind. The right of a struggling but oppressed man is the right of all other men under like circumstances. And more—the rights of a solitary man, anywhere, are the rights of all men in him, then and there.

This, my hearers, is a divinely human loyalty. This idea that no man is offended and every other man burns not, is a conception that would make wrong or usurping evil hide its face from a unified and intensified foe—the millions of humanity made one on the platform of

the idea of Jesus, and all on fire with a patriotism which realizes its name in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. And that is the idea of Jesus, which striking Paul, as he thinks about the Churches, brings from him a deeper truth than any civilization has yet seized. I tell you, as Jesus hinted, "Our Father who art in heaven,"—these are the charmed words of history; these are the sublime words of a divine political economy, and without them civilization is the earth without the sky.

Coming to Paul, as they did, the idea of human brotherhood came also. It was divine paternity which brought human fraternity. It is this universal patriotism—impossible except on the conception of a universal Father—(*Pater*)—which makes universal fraternalism pure and potent. Henceforth, these ideas having come, "no man liveth unto himself, no man dieth unto himself," became a result of thought as well as a message from the skies, a conclusion from within as well as a revelation from without. And out of this great principle, came the deep question of Paul: "Who is offended and I burn not." A man hears of a slave. It is personal to every man on the globe—these fetters, these limitations, this bondage. These chains not only touch the limbs of the slave away yonder in India or Russia, but they are made to fit a human being. They are chains for other men also. They are made with reference to the human form and their clasps can be fitted to any ankle or wrist. They embody in themselves the conception of humanity, and besides, *one human being has been in chains*. That is the entering wedge. He is offended and I burn. It is a stroke meant for him but it strikes every man under heaven. And humanity everywhere, from that slave, who is the most fettered man in all the world, to myself, who may be the freest

man on earth—issues its protest. Way yonder, that slave weeps. Boundless miles—great continents—vast civilizations, between us—but *here I burn.*

Now, that, men and women, is only an illustration of how this idea, in one of its lowest forms, strikes the mind of a man all awake with the idea of Jesus.

This feeling binds the race, and in it, I discern the now forming world of the future. It sounds the whole chord of human sympathy for human woe, and announces the highest demands of a redeemed race.

Do we not see that a greater reason, for our being and doing our best, overtakes us? It is this that I desire to bring to you with these words.

I know that you know the old words about unconscious influence, and hence there is no need for me to utter them again to you. But I am also and quite well aware, that our whole social fabric, our civilization, lacks sadly in highest influence and moral power; and I believe, that it comes, in a great measure, from our forgetting the idea of Paul: every man's power is also my power and every man's weakness becomes weakness to his race. I would, if I could, bring this in all its power to our ineffectual religious life and our unconquering morality, that our entire spiritual life, which, though not disloyal, is yet not wholly loyal, might be refreshed into strength, by a perception of the source and a devotion to the achievement of the power of humanity everywhere.

A man can be no greater than this text suggests; and he can be no less than Paul's idea implies. Think of a greatness which is personal become a greatness which is human; think of a littleness, which is merely individual and peculiar to a single isolated human being, become a littleness, universal as the race of men, and the characteristic of consolidated, hoping, tearful humani-

ty—think of these universalities, and you think of the realms in which all human greatness and littleness operate, the boundless interests which all human largeness and smallness touch and affect.

Oh, men and women, the ideal that has come to us—let it go on, made more bright, deeper in the zenith, larger, as it falls around the edges of our world. Fill it with the whole of your power, and send it on, for the on-coming future will look at it with tears, written on the silent sky. Rise, and inscribe Right, on skies lofty as you may reach with your thought and purpose, and know that he who makes pure his life and grand his thought is making it easier for manhood to bloom and blossom as the rose. As we cannot afford that any man shall be weak, so, for the reason of human nature under God, we cannot afford to be weak, ourselves. About every man, gather the coming times and say: Be strong. Here, to every human being, come the civilizations, and plead: "Be strong! Be strong!"

The Lord's Song in a Strange Land.

HYMN.

(Home Sweet Home.)

We bring to thy mercy our life-work and love,
We seek benedictions of power from above.
Our praise to thy glory we speak in our song,
We pray Thee Thy government through us prolong.

In exile we falter, and burdened with care,
Lament our condition—no song cometh there;
Our harps on the willows, we weep by the stream,
The present is joyless, the past seems a dream.

Oh God! let the Temple environ our soul;
Through arches so sacred, let our anthems roll;
Let manhood divinest lift upward the dome;
And teach us the infinite lengths of our home.

We sing from the strange lands of life here below;
Our praises rise heavenward: all things are aglow.
The glory within falls on duties around,
The finite grows great with the Infinite found.

Oh God! touch our hearts with thine infinite powers,
Thou addest eternity then to our hours;
Thy throne and our duty are then ever near,
Our home is Thy presence eternally here.

SERMON III.

The Lord's Song in a Strange Land.

"How Shall We Sing the Lord's Song in a Strange Land?" —Psalm CXXXVII, 4th v.

This is home-sickness—heart-touching and tender home-sickness—made poetic, and tremulous with tearful song. It is the query of an honest soul, and is full of the pathos and suggestive plaintiveness which come of devotion to ideas and instincts, which, while they are religious, are much smaller than they might be; are insular, fragmentary, or, rather, embryotic, as compared with the larger ideas and instincts which they shadow forth.

I think it is better to be moral than not moral. I believe a Jew is a long way ahead of an Infidel. But if we see the text truly, we shall see that it is much better to be religious than merely moral, and that since Christianity is the science of manhood, it is a far greater thing to be a Christian than a Jew.

To manhood, at its best, there is no strange land, no foreign territory, no banishment, no exile. Domestic is the lofty soul everywhere. Home is the universe—a universe full of God, and whose avenues are all open to His children; and the universe is home—a home where the eternal possibility of realizing all the dreams of the soul settles around humanity, like the pictured walls of domestic life, and warms new energies into life, as the fires of universal loyalty consume the twisted, gnarled

and barren branches of exile. I know, my friends, that you could not take this view of the great fact of life from these words. You can not see the Pacific from the hills, but up, upon the mountain-tops, must climb your willing feet, if you would have DeSoto's vision. Neither can you have the greatest life-conception from these ideas of manhood.

These words are the landscape that could be seen from that vision-point. But there are loftier heights of sight—there is more in life than the psalmist thought. There is more of life, because there is more of man. Judaism saw a man more as God's creature. Christianity saw him as God's son. Because it had an incomplete idea of humanity, it had an incomplete idea of human life. All it could do with a man, it must do in sight of the temple, and with the aid of the priests. It must add to every man, the fact that he was a child of Abraham, and that he stood in the line of pending destiny, else it could not consider him. Away from the temple, the song of the Lord lost its application, and with deep feeling, they said, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

Now, put under the idea of Judaism the idea of Jesus; "The kingdom of God is within you," and that of Judaism is lifted up, and, all aglow in divine light, it shines with the divine value of manhood, and from its height the largest vision of duty, obligation, privilege, joy and possibility, strike upon our sight. Now we see the whole manhood, the complete ideal, as well as the whole duty and the complete obligation. Because you can not get a man away from himself, you can not take him from God. The temple is arched and groined in intellect, and feeling, and will. In the soul—the personal self—are the whole paraphernalia of the priesthood, and being in the image of God, wherever, in the realm

of being,—fortune, love, hope, fate or woe, has driven him, he is at home with himself, at home with the race of men, at home with the boundless universe, every atom of which is filled with divine values ; at home with the King of Kings, the immortal, invisible God—his father and his everlasting friend.

And so it appears to a moments thought, that when we once see man—and we only can see him in the light of Christianity—we come to a great factor, such as can have, at his best, no exile ; to whom, when he finds himself and his relations to the universe, there can be no strange land.

Out of the soul come politics, business, home, travel, thought, science, commerce. And the so-called strange lands are only those portions of the real and ideal in which a man has not realized his immortal sonship, his eternal hope, his power through God, and his fraternity with the omnipotence which God has loaned to every human being, who approaches the ideal of Jesus.

Yet we can not think that great piety can enter politics and grow. But why should a man, torn from temple vows and carried by the force of public necessity into the caucus and conventions call it a strange land ? It is one of the great continents, over which hangs the blue arch of the spirit of man. Ay, one of the greatest, full of liquid possibilities, bosomed amid the hills and flowing on to the sea, reflecting stars of duty in the firmament of the soul. It is the growing garden of great republics, strong monarchies, and grand governments. Out of it come Rome and America, England and Germany, and in its leaping, but hidden energies, lie the realities which absolute freedom, guarded by law, gathers together and binds into one sublime fact of citizenship. Our great garden longs for a song. It is a wrong against the spirit of man, its infinite Father, and

the human race, it is almost unfair to the destinies of the world, to call that line of action, in which some of of you, my hearers, have found yourselves, "a strange land." It is the land of Chaldea, it may be. But it is more than scorn, when every voice therein says: *sing*.

It was not a strange land to Charles Sumner, who put aside the greatest honor of the nation, that he might see the party, which, with all its weakness and errors, seemed to him to be the representative of liberty, unified and made powerful for a crusade against wrong. Ever and forever, will this nation remember the flashing of that brilliant blade which sent a new ideal with it, as another Senator, in that stormy period, said "right," when they cried "expedient." The history of our land is all stirred into life, by such public proclamation of the Lord's song, as has been made by men of manhood, rather than men of party. And who shall tell, if now, our flag, with the future of American liberty floating with every fold, does not acquire new sweeps of sovereignty, by the unknown but invincible declaration that noble men have given of truth and virtue—shall we not even say that the song of our future is woven from the sounds which have been caught into the shuttles of our national life, from men, who, everywhere in political action, have sung "the Lord's song in a strange land?"

And even as our land has its word to speak, so do the nations of the world. Cromwell felt what it was to proclaim this undying melody. Never did the Jews gaze on so untoward an audience. Never did a great singer begin a melody before such an unappreciative congregation. It was a "strange land." He sung. He sung until no cranny of England heard it not. Nook and corner swelled with the "Lord's song." No rock took it up, but the melody beat back into his face. No valley held this music, in its soft embrace of verdure. Yet

he sung. He died singing, and having sung a song whose sentiment underlay the ages, when the eternity unfolded itself again in the nineteenth century, his song fell like gladness, and the exile from English thought, was seen to have been, in all his banishment, about the only man, who, with those events, was at home. Bismarck, when they talked of "demands," of "what you owe us," "full satisfaction," of "claims," and made him tired of their idea of "right," cried out before that grave assembly, "I have heard of rights, but now *what of duties?*" Europe heard the Lord's song in a strange land and obeyed. And so, my friends, we must not think in our ward meetings and county conventions, that we have to operate with less great forces, and are dealing with less great factors of the world. Liberty is always liberty. Right is the same with a caucus, as at Berlin. A Beaconsfield in the township must be matched by a Gladstone. Over the exile-plain is the same sky which covers the temple. Duty heeded in the midst of corruption, when votes are sold and nominations are bought, is the same duty,—

> "Stern daughter of the voice of God!
> Oh, duty! if that name thou love,
> Who art a light to guide, a rod
> To check the erring, and reprove;
> Thou who art victory and law
> When empty terrors over-awe—"

which was heard in the tones of Chatham and Burke, in 1776, the thunder of John Bright, in 1863, and the call of God when acknowledged leadership seizes any terrible storm and educates it into the peaceful calm. How many men, to-day, avoid politics because of the bad associations which come with entrance into the management of affairs of State! City councils feasted, and votes bargained for by rum, school boards at the mercy of agents of all sorts, who take all means to shatter the

private integrity out of which public honor is made; justice, treated as if it were for sale, the lying newsmongers making base attacks upon official fidelity, the utter disregard which the public pay to the faithful exercises of duty—all these have driven good and true men from politics. And yet, I believe, that, if they were stronger in goodness, and more earnest for truth, it would not be thus. Politics cries for a song. Through this "strange land," if it may be called such, the song ought to ring, and he who has the deepest fidelity wedded to the loftiest idea, will never be an exile there. He shall "sing the Lord's song in a strange land." We need this most mighty evangelism. If you are a captive, I pray you from the nation's heart: sing. If these rocks do not bear a temple upon its bosom: sing; for the human soul says that: since politics grows out of policies, and policies grow out of me, it is not altogether "a strange land," it is my territory, unclaimed as yet by my best and truest idea—a territory that must come under the sway of these ideas which have come to me, and are my greatest possession—"the Lord's song."

It is thus, that an incomplete idea of piety—which always comes from an incomplete idea of manhood, which in turn, always comes from an incomplete idea of the relation of man to God, and to His universe—has ostracized the work and acting of the human soul from its loyal and devoted service to the human soul at its best. And all these avocations do proceed from the soul of man. They are the embodiments of its working ideals, and its apparent necessities. The need of government brings politics, and the thirst for knowledge gives science, as the affections, which require homes bring architecture, and the desire to remain in the body runs out into the business of the world. Shall not the soul's worlds run their orbits in her spaces? Shall the

human sky be less full of forces than the stars it contains? Yet we have called them outer to the soul, at its best, and have thought, that, when full of sentiments which bind man to the highest and holiest, he is exiled upon his own territory. We have said, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

But as Politics is not a "strange land," so neither are any of these "foreign countries" to the spirit of man. When it sees itself aright, it sees that these are kingdoms spread at its feet.

Science seems to have been thought altogether a far-away clime. One moment's thought, again, will show us that in this, there is nothing but the operation of an incomplete idea. To a man who sees that "science has to do with facts," and feels, as he must, that there is more in this assertion than was meant, there will be no barrier of importance, until his thought finds out what a fact is. He will see that facts are the reverse side of ideas, that, indeed, they are ideas embodied and operative. He will inquire for "this thinker other than ourselves," when he sees "thoughts other than our thoughts." He will be filled with awe and a sense of the grandeur of the world will overtake him, but he will think of more than this—that the secret of things abides some where, and that this some where is the centre and circumference of the whole—an omnipresent and eternal, "I am that I am," whither he goes. He will see things depend on the Independent. All soliloquies will be nothing and go for nothing, until in and over all things which *cannot*, something is found which *can* say: "I am that I am." More than this; he will know that the universe—indeed, that nothing can be builded from, or of, hate. That, as far from this destroying, disintegrating, and dissolving thing, as possible, must be the Influence, the Energy, from which came the

tissue of things. He will fly to love. The relation of the poles of things, bound, and "waiting to combine," means this to him, that Love built, and Love breathes in the boundless all. It will rise through evolution, and ascend through the idea of descent; it will sweeep past correlation, and, as it has, will declare, through lips that are ever so unwilling, that: "the highest fact of science, the noblest truth of philosophy," is:

> "God of the granite and the bee,
> Soul of the sparrow and the rose,
> The mighty tide of being flows
> In countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
> It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
> Through every grade of being runs,
> While from Creation's radiant towers,
> Its glory flames in stars and suns."

A "strange land!" When ideas unite as facts, fall, each into each, and new facts rise out of a test-tube, in fumes and gases, or linger in the basin with the fusion of ideas! Here the "Lord's song" can be sung. He may see so far into the tendencies of the storm, and the thought within the planet, and feel so keenly the rush of ideas in all life, that, with Paul, he shall write the chiefest word of science; "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Here has the Lord's song been sung. Here Isaac Newton broke its melody, like a box of ointment, at the feet of Jesus, and its perfume has filled the channels of thought. Here he declared himself a reverent child on a mighty shore, and felt himself surrounded by facts of loftier significance than he could think. That was awe. But it grew tuneful as his life gazed from loftier vision-places. Here Agassiz felt melodies trembling from his lips that he knew not of, until the "strange land" was born anew into his sight, with the revelation his song gave unto it. Here, Emerson, who sung once so much

and yet so little, heard new echoes from eternity, as his words:

> Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
> Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
> Halteth never in one shape,
> But forever doth escape,
> Like wave or flame, into new forms,
> Of gem or air, of plants and worms.
> I, that to-day am a pine,
> Yesterday was a bundle of grass;—

have lately broken into a melody he dare not sing, save when alone, he looks into "vision of Him who reigns." And here so many, like him who has so lately joined strains of that same song of which he had only dreamed, have expressed the Lord's song, the fullness of the earth-notes of which they did not know until they fell from rapturous and holy lips.

But you say, such is not the present-day tendency of human science. Another, you add, quite as brilliant as Clerk-Maxwell has gone. One who loved light, was he. A genial, kindly, loving soul, and he sung no pæan to God, nor did he hear so much as a tone of His own song there.

And truly, did Professor Clifford sing not. Why? Because, as was his proud boast, he had no song to sing. No land can manufacture music and words, and push them through the lips of a man. Without a song, however much there may be a voice and a land, the land and the song are without a singer. Professor Clifford believed man to have come here as the fatal working out of sightless and ungoverned forces, and that he was the result of a thousand aimless energies. Professor Maxwell believed him to be a Son of God, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, in whom was lodged the sovereignty of the King over all, the Lord God Omnipotent. Professor Clifford believed that no personal immortality awaits him, that these longings for the vast

future are lies in our being, the phantoms of our life, "the dream folded over dream." Professor Maxwell believed that manhood, a factor of divinely-loaded energies, shall go on forever, that a limitless eternity, all arched with infinite thought, and tender with infinite feeling, hangs above every man, and is filled with a voice which says: "*He that overcometh* shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son." Professor Clifford's creed has this as its possibility: "*Beloved, now are we the results of force, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when the changes come, we shall be like these forces, for, of these we come, and into these we go at last.* The sweep of Professor Maxwell's creed—Oh, it is a song of triumph! has this as its possibility: "*Behold, now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He appeareth, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.*"

So, also with what you seem to be a captive—*business*—to a man filled with a consciousness of what duty is, and how it relates him to God and eternity, it can not be a "strange land."

Business is *busy-ness*—not in its old, bad sense, but in the best sense of which the word is capable, that is, it is human employment. If it is human business, it is *human* employment—by which I mean, that it sweeps into its significance, all of the power of a man. It is the active engagement, the earnest *busying* of all of him. Its scope, if it is worth the name, is as large as his scope. Its roots take hold of the forces of the universe. It consults the eternal chronometers. It is conscious of the infinities. It is saturated with the ideas and tendencies, that like the veins of life, circulate through the boundless whole, and bears in its serious vision, the immensities which bound and urge onward our mortal life.

To a man who lives by line and letter, and has not become a law unto himself, it is "a strange land." To a man who has no song to sing, it is a still stranger land. But, to a man all rearranged, and whose powers operate as a unit, who has gotten to himself the opinion and expectation of God, who feels that where his duty is, there is eternity, who knows that the genius of things is love—to a man conscious of himself, and his relation to all things, as God is conscious of him and his relations —this is not only not "a strange land," but a theatre, which measured by feet and inches, seems small enough, whose stage, however, is the acting-place for these influences which sustain the world.

Now, looking at business in this light, how can it be "a strange land." How can that, which, at its best, uses all of a man at his best, be said to be foreign to him? I am not over-stating it, I am only allowing the little light, of which I am conscious, to fall into it, that you may see what it is. He who does business in time, does business also in eternity. He who does business truthfully, in time, adds the truth of his time to his power. If he consults all the facts about him, all the commerce and markets, and probable changes, and just and strong elements of enterprise, he adds to his power to do, all these helps. He has their truth to assist his success. And he who does this, can not keep the eternity out. In his sale of calico, he has met duty, he has touched obligation, and he who touches duty, touches justice and right, which are nothing unless eternal. So he measures with an eternal yard-stick, *right*—while he cuts thirty-six inches from the bolt, and he is not only adding the truth of time, which is represented in that stick of wood, but as he does this, he is adding the strength of eternity, when he says: "One yard? Yes, that is right." It is the juncture of the real and the ideal, it is

the eternal "ought to be," flowing into and making full the temporal "ought to be."

And so with all grades of all kinds of all business. That is business which busies you. If it does not take in your ideal of manhood, for you it is not busi-ness. If it does not contain and use your highest idea, it is not business at all. Only when the greatest desire, and the fullest ambition, the richest thought, and the boldest aspiration—only when the profoundest truth of which you are conscious, and the profoundest earnestness, meet to unify and make intense as heat itself, your whole array of forces—only then are you engaged in business.

You are selling one pound of sugar. All your manhood ought to go into it. Then are you busy, if you do the best for all concerned. If you believe, and know that a full pound has gone, *truth*, eternal truth has been woven into the work. If you believe, and know that, so far as you can, you have given the best you can for the money, *justice*, eternal justice has been caught like a thread, into the duty being done. If you feel that a day's work has gone, and that you have given all you could for all you could take—both giving and taking with reference to your whole, best, possible self, and God's glory through you—you have not only been engaged in the business of time, but also in the business of eternity.

I address you, to-day, who shall touch the dollars to-morrow. I beseech you, get hold of the idea of eternal specie payments. Let a dollar to you as a merchant, mean a dollar to you as the child of God. Let no dollar touch your vault that does not mean your noblest and best effort, for your noblest and best self. Let there be a ring, finer than that you have listened for as you threw the silver and gold upon your counters, and said: "that is all right." We do business in both worlds.

Let your spirit hear the ring of the "Lord's song," which you have sung in what seemed to be "a strange land." Then shall there be two sounds, the one eternal the other temporal—the one, we hear from within as our self says: "all right," and the other, we hear from without, as from himself it comes, "all right." True business—any business worth the name to a true man—hears both, and thereby proves its residence and fidelity to both worlds. The temple within, always settles where one's eyes and thoughts fall on the world without, so that wherever a man, conscious of himself as God is conscious of him, goes, there is no "strange land."

I shall take just one more example of the working of this idea. Many of you think that of all pictures of the trouble which you have seen, and the sorrow which comes to your friends, this is the clearest and boldest in outline. And I do not know but that all trouble partakes of the nature of these feelings. In fact, I beleive, that all trouble strikes us first and last, as exile. We feel estranged, lost from where we want to be, and the territory seems new and strange.

And to the man who lives by law, who feels the restraints, who has not got beyond the idea that the Temple must not be out of his sight, who feels not that whatever may occur, a man cannot be divorced from himself—this land is strange and unappreciative of song. To any man, who has not been made so lyrical, and musical as that he needs not a temple to translate the melody which comes from harmony with himself, and harmony with the genius of the universe—trouble, like all other activities and affections of the soul, is "a strange land." To a man, put in possession of himself by a clear recognition of the being and relationships God has given him, anything, which, like

Politics, Science and Business, calls out his powers—anything, which, like trouble, tends to the refinement or development of these powers into a clear-eyed unit, cannot be foreign to him, but shall be accepted as a fraternal and divinely-inspired factor to the noblest manhood.

Trouble to a Son of God, is a territory over which the human soul, as God has revealed it in Jesus Christ, stretches its sky, and looks down through God's expectations concerning it—which, like quiet stars, fill the firmament with windows—and sees that a human tear is thereby made so much more valuable for the production of a great harvest of blessing, as within its sphere were embodied the choicest sentiments of the soul. Let him who "remembers Zion," and forgets that all lands, on which are the feet of man, are held in fee for manhood—let him know that trouble will overcome him there. To be master of anything, a man must be master of himself. And this mastery comes when the power of the soul is made a unit, when all the divine Ideals can fill it. The temple must not be out of self, but *self* itself, if he shall be strong.

Many are there, who, seizing a greater idea than that of the Jew, have made trouble, liquid and tremulous with song. How does man educate trouble into personality, by the conscious or unconscious principle, lying operative within his character, that, because he was the Son of God, and the Kingdom of God was within him, whatever came to him, or whatever he was brought unto, meant the development of personal manhood! How does the soul when it feels itself reorganized after the pattern of Jesus, into a self-centred unity, and looks up through His ideas of it into the face of God, feel that it never can reach a coast, where itself shall not be still His own image, and all its ex-

periences the means to its highest destiny. Never can the christian idea of a man be divorced from the idea, that whatever touches him is sacred. To discover God to man, as Father, was to discover man to himself as His son, and to discover man to himself, as the Son of the Highest, was to make all lands upon which his feet might fall, the coasts of eternity, the undiscovered territory of his Father and God—coasts, not worth seeing, until reached by hard, tearful experiences, and then because their being reached developed the genius of their discoverer—territory rich and grand, but not worth finding, save as the finder thereof found himself and his own power in finding them.

And so these lands that seem so strange to a captive, yield before him who becomes their citizen after the idea of Jesus. They all belong to man, even if, as yet, they are full of his enemies. They are to be redeemed to their rightful owner, and annexed to the larger realms of the soul. Every such place, or experience, into which a man is driven by the force with which he has to do, is eminent domain, and waits for his generous sovereignty. Its own possibilities have not been called forth by his greatest ideas. He has not yet touched it with what to him is the highest and holiest. It is in fact, his territory, as yet unused to the "Lord's Song," which is also his song of triumphant entry and occupation.

And, my hearers, it is a sublime artillery with which he takes these lands, and makes them his own. No thunder of war, nor flash of saber, nor pools of blood, but the victory of ideas comes apace. That song is a collection of ideas, and these bloom into ideals, which, gathered together like a bouquet, unite in the richest fragrance. These ideas are the seed of new dominions, —dominions which overrun and embody the old ones

into new and brighter forms. This song becomes the foe of all that opposes its melody, and the unappreciative land has to yield. That is the missionary character of an idea—that onward tendency to cultivate all the soil beneath its sweep of power. And he who takes the "Lord's song" into "a strange land," and becomes its voice, declares his own sovereignty, and through his lips there fall the thoughts of God.

I do not mean sovereignty of that lowest sort, which places the leader on the throne. For he who truly rules, rules for his race. The ideas he has, are not of his thinking. They are the "Lord's song" through him. Their devotees, wherever they are, follow and reap their harvest. This conquest may thus be going on with wrong enthroned, but the *rights of the man* who sings the "Lord's song" are also the *rights of men* who are singing elsewhere, and it is not needful for them that they have visible leadership.

So, ever and everywhere, do the captors yield to the captives. The victory in the end always belongs to the army who has and sings the "Lord's song." That immortal strain bears eternal youth, and does not grow old as things change. It is the sign of eternity amidst the signs of the times. And it conquers at last.

All of us remember to have followed the idea—every man has a right to himself—at its best, as from the time of its entering the world, from the cross of Calvary, it went past Chalons, Tours, and Fontenaye, and came to the time of William of Normandy and Harold. Following the story of the discovery of the rights of men, our heart almost sunk within us, when we saw Harold coming from London with his battered and scarred legions, and heard the shout of strong but tyrannous William, as his great, strong army landed on English shores, and seemed to make Britain totter and

tremble with his power. When the battle came, and the hills rang with the voice of war, and Hastings was lifted up before the universe, as the battle-spot of such great and opposing ideas, then the glory of hope fled from our minds as the proud hosts of William laid the brave Harold in the dust. It seemed the death-knell of liberty, and the funeral of freedom.

But now we see that Macaulay is right. Modern civilization lingers lovingly over the date of that battle of Hastings, where liberty seemed buried in her grave. The truth in the captives conquered the captors. They sung the "Lords song" in the land made "strange" by the conquest of William. The defeated English furnished the idea, which at once took possession of all that blood and muscle, and the victory of arms was lost in the victory of ideas. The ages soon heard the victory of the English, for there, in the meadows of Runnymede, stood those Norman barons, all saturated with the ideas of the English, and won the first great victory of peace, when John came from his castle, and signed in the presence of the "army of God," as they then delighted to call themselves, the "Magna Charta," which is the father of the "Declaration of Independence," and the grand-sire of the Emancipation Proclamation.

And it is so in your private life, and mine. Individual experience obeys the same laws, and has the same methods of growth. Oh, what accessions have been made to men, by their faithfulness to the revelation within them! Indeed, it is always so, the revelation within makes the revelation without. They have pushed their conquests beyond their vision, into strange lands, and have known what it is to obey Jesus, when he says: "Occupy till I come." By adding one's self, at its best, to such experience as he comes to, a man adds that experience, at its best, to himself, and in-

creases his own power. Nothing but the singing of the "Lord's song," can reveal him to his circumstances, and nothing can reveal those circumstances to him, as the singing the "Lord's song" in their midst. Science and politics say, sing; and a "Lord's song" will exalt the one, and purify the other. Business and our troubles say, sing; and a "Lord's song" will reveal them both, the one as the employment of us to our development, the other as the refinement of us to our power. We must add man, as Jesus conceived him, to our science, to make it all we know; and to our politics, must be given the value of the individual, as truly presented in God's idea through Christ, in order that it, the highest policy, shall rule. To our business must be added the dignity of right, and the value of duty, that it may employ all of the power of an individual mind. To our troubles must be given the thought, that what makes manhood by calling out talent or refining strength, is divine, so that our woes shall be worthy our regard. To do this is to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land." It is to do more, it is to dominate unconquered territory with what is our holiest and highest. It is to claim and discover our titles and deeds. It is to find our own power, by finding what we may own and cultivate. It is to annex to manhood, the lands of which it proves itself worthy. It is our redemption, while it is the redemption of these strange lands; and it is putting us in control of ourselves, as we discover the lengths and heights of human sovereignty under God. It is the conquest by the captive. It is the exile Jew claiming, for lofty ideas, and a lofty humanity under God, the land of Chaldea. It is to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land," until that land comes to be a home.

Ah, there is a greater idea of life than this of my text. I have used it, this morning, not because it repre-

sents life at its best, but because it holds the incomplete idea at the root of too many good and religious characters, characters that are to the character outlined by Jesus, as the Old Testament is to the New, as the Jew is to Christian. It is the best picture of the break-down of Judaism with the advancing self-consciousness of man, of which I know.

But we say, it was "impossible for them to be joyful." That may be so, but it was not impossible for them to be expectant. In God's great songs, there are many which are sad and sweet, without joy, but heavy with the expectation that a great blessing comes on the dark wings of exile as food came by ravens to Elijah. The songs of faith are nearly all on the minor keys. The song of Zion would not "have been profaned there." There is no profanity of good, to let it conquer evil. Good is militant, and as a musket, is made for war. Good is the aggressive antagonist of evil. The world will not profane, but will contain the melody of manhood. It would not have been "misplaced and incongruous," except to a Jew. The complete idea of a man, and this song over-rides incongruity as Bunyan dreamed of God, in Bedford jail. "To rob a people of their treasures, drag them from their homes, burn their dwellings and cities, devastate their fields, desecrate their temples, and then call upon them to be joyful, this, we say, is as cruel as it is absurd." But put into our thought the idea and ideal of Jesus: "The kingdom of God is within you,"—and we see that the cruelty and absurdity is not so great, after all. For until a man can be robbed of himself and his God, his powers and possibilities, until he can be dragged from his own thoughts and purposes, and desires, until all the ideals are burned, all the unconquered territory of all the universe, annihilated, until God takes

away the sacredness of Himself—his strength is untouched, his hopes shine as the morning, and the gates of destiny are open. Such is the difference between the Jewish and the Christian idea of a man and his life.

Measure the difference between this poet, with his: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" and Paul, with his; "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and you have the difference between the religion of the Old Testament and the religion of the New Testament, the difference between the legal and the inspirational, the difference between law and Gospel, the difference between obedience and love, the difference between the manliness of devotion through form and by fear, and the manhood of loyalty in spirit and truth. These words of home-sickness are Judaism at its best.

They might have said: Now, out of this shall be born great things for us. God's great universe is loaded with destinies. Every atom of it is filled with the energies of goodness, truth and joy. The divine ideas and ideals inhere in things,

> "Earth is but the outer stair,
> Is but scaffold, beam, and stanchion;
> To the rearing of the mansion,
> Dust enfolds a finer substance, and the air diviner air."

There certainly is something rich in all this for us. Let us sing a song of trust.

They might have said: Now, there is at least a struggle here, and the struggling is good—better even than the thing for which we struggle. We may find ourselves by struggling to find something else.

> "Say not the struggle naught availeth,
> Thy labor and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, or faileth,
> And as things have been they remain.
>
> "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
> It may be in your smoke concealed,

Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by Eastern windows only,
Where daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But Westward, look, the land is bright."

They might have gone a step higher, (but that would have embraced the Christian idea of a man,) and said: We have a peculiar revelation. We may give our ideas scope and activity here. We will reorganize this cruel society. Let us sing a song of Jacob, and say, at least, that the the promise is out and abroad in the expectation of men.

Oh, turn from this poetry of Judaism, to the prose of Christianity. Paul would have said: "All things work together for good to them that love God." He would have said more: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." He would have said yet more, as he gave his reason for all: "For we have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but we have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we say, Abba, Father." He would have said even more: "For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He would have risen from such a promise to a conclusion —one strain higher—and said in triumph: "*Therefore*, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake, for when I am weak, then I am strong."

Now I have not accomplished my purpose, this

morning, unless you see that the burden of my thought is, that many of us have not got beyond the religion of law, of form, of temple and altars, of laver and candlestick, even of fear, and a desire not to fall into the hands of a wrathful God. We have felt lost, when we got out of church and into business. We do not feel as pious and good as we do when we give our experience, ever so mechanically, in class-meeting, or in the conference-meeting. We think there is nothing sacred about selling silk, and cotton, and calico. We cannot feel that duty is the testimony of the universe to our ability and obligation to do and be. We think the drudgery of the house, and the counting of money, and the hum-drum of life, are tuneless and unappreciative places for music. We do things because we believe we will have to do them, any how, or to do something worse by and by. We are here in these strange lands of politics and merchandise, and boards of trade, and chambers of commerce, and we do not think of doing grand and good things, because it will make us grand and good to do them, and thus add to the glory of God in us, but we do think that we may be condemned for not doing our best, and that it will go wrong with us, if we do not keep out of the way of the plain requirements of the circumstances with which God has hedged us in. There is no song here, we say. No burst of music, no glad triumphant chant, no immortal lay of loyalty,—we cry out with our harps upon the willows, when the whole world about us seems to taunt us with what is often a deep, though unconscious desire within its heart for a song.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Well, poor, heart touched and exiled people, you never can do it until you get larger ideas. You must

get into the Temple within, from which that Temple was made. You will have to know what this "land" is, and what the "song" is, and what *you* are before you shall feel the melody swelling up in your bosom, and at last, bursting out from your trembling lips.

That very question is a confession. You have not felt self-consciousness, and that you cannot feel until God's consciousness of you, comes to you as it came to Jesus Christ. You confess that you are larger than your creed, ay, than your religion. You say there are places where my life has touched that seemed so far from my Zion, that I could not sing when all the taunting circumstances said: *sing*. Your theology has broken with your heavy heart; you, yourself have sunk the boat you were riding in, with your weight. "How," you say, "shall I sing the Lord's song?" in this strange place.

As ancient and well-worn Judaism broke with manhood coming to self-consciousness, so does it break to-day. As then, there went up to heaven a cry for Jesus, so now there goes up from our failures, when we try to live by law, a cry for the Son of man. The dawning self-consciousness of a race felt, that, because its experience covered larger grounds than this, it must itself be larger. And as a man grows out of sight of the Temple, and the outer Zion, he feels that he must be greater than these. So the Jesus of the race, and the Jesus of a private soul comes to us. This is the logic of that star which the wise men followed. These facts are the Bethlehem manger in which we receive Him. He comes. He brings with him God's idea of us, and our idea vanishes, "as morning drinks the morning star." God's idea fills us and acquaints us with ourselves. Having found self-consciousness by getting God's consciousness of us through Jesus, we find that there is

neither here nor there for the kingdom, for "lo," He says, "the Kingdom of God is within you." Zion is not "set upon a hill," but abides as we abide, and goes where we go. We do not feel the *law* which says, "do or suffer," but we find the alliance of which we were becoming conscious, within us, so like the alliance of which He speaks—that the discovery of *love* is made which says, "yes, thou may'st appropriate all the universe to thyself, for all things are thine." Henceforth, there is no "strange land." It is the eternal landscape of the whole which the eye grasps and triumphantly says, *mine*; mine for the victories of goodness, mine for the dominion of these truths of which I am concious, mine for the joy of the race, mine for the glory of God.

With this idea, oh, you who art living from the Temple into yourself, instead of from yourself unto the Temple—with this idea, banishment is impossible, and exile is a dream of your fears. We want to-day, the advent of Jesus in our opinions. We are Jews. We wonder how we can be and do good, cleaning windows, getting dinner and writing bills of exchange. We want to see this little idea of life which has no "Lord's song" for a strange land, filled, like that manger was, with the babe of the skies. Oh, come, blessed Jesus, and fill our religion of awe and fear and form with the sentiments of loyalty, love and faith. We have not got beyond the Old Testament. We have not opened out the new "will" which has been written in us and copied in heaven, of which Jesus is the revelation. When we do open it, we shall find that in revealing God to man, it revealed man to himself, and that in revealing man to himself, it revealed all the territory of life to him, and showed him that because to the human soul, dominion over its activity is possible, there is no

"strange land." Sing, wherever you are, sing the Lord's song. It is your land which you claim, and own, when all its mountains shiver, and all its valleys are filled with the notes of your song.

These forests of difficulty in which you are placed—how they may bear our song upon their green branches! These streams which fret along over rocks and sands—how they may throb with the melody which shall roll from victorious lips! These mountains of sad and solemn grandeur—how their crests and sides may echo back the melodies of the wandering minstrel, who sings at their base! This old world, rock-ribbed and rolling through the infinity—oh, let it become a place wherefrom, as from an orchestra-box, the song of God shall flow from a strange land.

The Method of the Revelation In Jesus.

HYMN.

(Migdol.)

We wander, Lord, and fail and fall,
We see no Light; on Thee we call;
And from the dust which plagues our eyes,
The Light-touch comes; the darkness flies.

We are of earth; our life is blind;
We try our way and hope to find;
Its dust Thou touchest, and we see
Our kinship with eternity.

Into infinities above—
Far as the wings of holy love,
May urge their flight through glorious skies,
Our larger hopes and duties rise.

Oh, touch our common life with Thine!
Put Thou eternity in time;
And stretch before our lofty sight,
The routes of truth, the paths of Light.

SERMON IV.

The Method of the Revelation In Jesus.

"As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world.
"When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and he annointed the eyes of the blind with the clay."—John, Chap. IX, 5, 6vs.

I want to speak, this morning, of the method of Jesus in revealing the life of humanity to the race, and I have chosen this passage, because it seems to me to possess the whole idea which lay at the root of His life among men, and unfolded from that root, buried as it was amid unfructifying, unnutritious and dry earth, the leaves of healing, the buds of promise, the flowers of inspiration, and at last, the fruit which has sustained the growing life of man, and shall feed the world of the future.

To begin with the beginning, and to come up to Jesus, making our acquaintances as we go, is a long way, but a very sure way to know Him better, when at last we see Him. All true knowledge of men lies in seeing the real differences of idea and ideal beneath and over men, and finding from these, the true distinctions of personal life and character between them. We must hear them speak their deepest thought and utter their dearest feeling, and swear fidelity to their greatest purpose before we can know them. Now, beginning with the men, in whose brains and heart move revolutionary ideas and sentiments, and whose feet can hardly wait to run the errands of their natures—*beginning* with these, we are along way toward Jesus. We have passed ages

where there was no consciousness of a need of any change. We have come by eras where if this consciousness did show itself, there has been no great idea or sentiment near enough to seize upon, as a sailor would seize upon a floating mast in mid-ocean. We have passed years, where the idea and sentiment woke no will to the martial strains of duty. We have heard first, only the sounds of chaos—then seen an aspiring swimmer here and there, then heard him greet a coming sail, and then, at last, seen him on a sea, boiling and seething, yet only with a dim feeling that the secret of sea-faring ought to be taught. Then the idea of a change has come. It has waked up a vague sentiment, and a desire, and purpose that it ought to, and must come. Revelation is in the air. Years and ages come and go, and the air is heavy. Until here is a newly inspired man. He is conscious of what others dream. He knows what men have dared to hint. He transcends by His positive assertion what others, the bravest and best, have only dared to see, and was left unsaid, as it seemed, by necessity. Here, at last, is a man self-conscious, first of all—conscious of His business with the existence in which He finds Himself. He feels the demand of the past, as the whole past has felt it. Nay, more, He translates its unutterable want, and not like humanity way back there, having lost consciousness in chaos; nor, yet nearer, having just discovered a new idea or sentiment; nor, yet nearer, having grasped it; nor, yet nearer, having felt that it was too slender to depend upon; nor, yet nearer, having found that there must be something more than one's own creations to save one's self, not even like the one in the boat, who has saluted sail after sail—comes this new master of the ocean. He comes as the first self-conscious sailor. Because He is conscious of Himself, He is conscious of the power with which He has to do,

He is conscious of the energies pledged to Him—and thus adds to His own power, the force of His knowledge and the energies of these forces, which seem to rage in wrath for prey, but really, only rush to the employment of their new-found master. Then *He* rises on the wave saying, as he clears the way: in these arms, in this brain, in this heart, in this self-conscious self, is shore and safety. "*The Kingdom of God is within you,*"—you must get the truth of yourself, these elements, and your relation of the universe, and that will give you power to find the limits of the sea; "*Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free*"—and that truth is, that if you overcome yourself from within, nothing can overcome you from without. You thereby get your self-hood, and you are not servant, but son; you are not a slave to these forces, obeying them, but a son of Him in whose hand they lie, inheriting them:—"*Henceforth I call you no more servants, but I have called you friends.*"

Such is this revelation. Such, my friends, to the human soul was Jesus as He found Himself among men. He was, and yet is, the light of a man to himself—"the light of the world," the discoverer of every man to his own powers, and of his own powers to every man; the first truly self-conscious man, who, though of infinite stature, reveals the secret of every man's fulness and power to himself, in His life; which secret is: A man is self-conscious, when he is conscious of the sonship he has to God, and when he is conscious of that, he is conscious that no longer is he the slave of the powers of the universe, but being a son, he inherits their force, and assimilates it into his power.

And, thus it is, that Jesus is spitting on the ground and making clay of the spittle, and annointing into self-revealing and universe-revealing sight the eyes of the blind.

This symbol of light is not strange to the lips of Jesus. Many times has He defined the nature of His salvation, the character of His redemption, and the operation of His life with men, as the radiant revealer which lies between us and the things wherewith we have to do. But just here, it seems to me, He has touched another phase of the idea of this life. He is saying more, when He says: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world," and immediately makes real the faith which He has asserted. He is the light of the world because of the fact that His religion opposes and conquers the darkness of sin, which is so dark because it includes ignorance and prejudice, and woe, and more than all, death. All this is asserted in every declaration of Jesus, concerning His life, and its inspiring idea. But here we are to see the inner structure of that idea, and by a close sight, may understand what truths lie operative within the great conception of His career. It is as though we had heard Tennyson say:

> "Vex not thou the poet's mind:
> For thou canst not fathom it.
> Clear and bright it should be ever,
> Flowing like a crystal river;
> Bright as light, and clear as wind."

and then had seen all the movings of his genius, all the attitudes and responses of his powers, while under our eye, his soul produced "Locksley Hall." These words and this act of Jesus—they are the self-consciousness, and the idea of Jesus expressed, embodied, and recorded, once and forever for mankind.

Light, active, *revealing* light, and, "as long as I am in the world,"—this is beneath the thought that "He casts out darkness." Why does He, and how does He cast out the darkness of the human soul—this He answers in these words and acts. What is the constitution of this light to men; of what substance does this

luminousness come; how does Jesus make the soul's landscape radiant?—all this secret is open now, since He called Himself, "the light," and forthwith as the first self-conscious man, because the first in whom God had fully revealed Himself, revealed that blind man to himself, by revealing Himself as his Revealer to the blind man, and in giving the blind a conscious vision of himself, giving him also a conscious vision of his relations to all the world. Such was Jesus, "the light of the world," illustrating everything to a man by first illustrating a man to himself.

And beneath and within all this proclamation of Himself as the light, Jesus implied this idea of the light. He carried it into His sayings to His disciples; "*Ye* are the light of the world." He explains man—the problem of all thinking—and man, as explained by Jesus, explains his history.

Here is a being of "large discourse," looking into eternal *somewheres*. Here are powers larger than time, inclusive of the burdens of centuries,—powers kept alive by currents which look as though they flowed from the centre of the cosmos,—powers all vital with forecast, and swept with hands which seem to come down from out the zenith of the young eternity,—powers, all flecked with foaming enthusiasms, which seem to breathe celestial airs, and regale their heated sides in the inspirations which nourish the loftiest life of which thought can think,—"dreams folded over dreams," thoughts builded upon thoughts, until the dome of the world is pierced, hopes larger than the systems, and loves embracing the limitless—all this, filled with the force of a thousand other life-currents, is *a man*. Now consider him. "*Who?*"—an eternal silence comes. "*Where?*"—a deeper stillness falls. "*Why?*"—a darkness added to the silences of two great questions

covers this magnificent riddle, this splendid problem—this *man*.

I hear the words of a strange man: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world," and I see Him spitting on the ground, on the scene of our life, and making out of the dirt—a planet of which holds us by its gravitation, worries us with its hunger, and enslaves us with its darkness—an ointment, a healing agent, which gives the blind man the grasp upon the problem. He gets hold of himself. He has found his own powers. He meets the rest of him—the part he did not know, the *seer*. He has found himself, having found Jesus. Jesus explained him to himself, by giving him sight, and now he understands *who* he is, and something of *where* he is, and *where* he wants to be, and *why*—oh, he now understands that problem! *why he is*.

And this is always the history of one's acquaintance with the forces about him. It is always acquaintance with one's self, bringing forth a knowledge of the forces of his life. It is the warrior conscious of his hand, then conscious that that hand ought to have something to do peculiarly its own, and afterwards conscious that in its grasp lies a sword, whose blade is pledged to do its holder's work.

A man thus finds uses for things. Every faculty has to have its own special exercises. It must have agents and implements, and instruments specially suited to its power. These it will find. And so, as the farmer's hand finds the handle of a hoe, or a plow, and a machinist's hand finds the tongs and the hammer, so one's intellectual and spiritual hands use the powers lying unused without, to carry forward into new regions of achievement, the purpose and thought within. Reveal all of a man to himself, and you reveal to him the need he has of everything.

But first, before he begins to feel that he has need to use any thing, he must feel that there is a life within him, worth expressing, that he has something to do that he ought to be doing. That is, there must be a deeper revealing—a revealing of a self, behind and within all these powers, which has a life worth living. And that is precisely what Jesus does. He does it by revealing Himself as the son of God. As a mere boy pounds old pieces of iron, and unconsciously suggests the smith who might make much of these peices, when he sees a fine blacksmith, discovers the latent blacksmith, which he by a life realizes at last, so a man, covered up with sin and bounded with darkness, unconsciously suggests the Son of God, which the appearance of Jesus reveals him to be, and which he finally brings out into the fulness of the stature of Christ. He goes from the discovery of himself which Jesus made to him when he heard Him say, "I am the light of the world," and then feels the pressure of those fingers which had so modified the mere dirt on which he was living his life, that, touching his eyes, blind from birth, it became the ointment to open up to him the wealth and glory of the present, the deep and hidden meaning of the past, and the glowing vistas of the future. Life is valuable, henceforth. "The light of the world" upon it has translated it. The future is radiant, and the stern logical relationship it has to things is now seen, and is not only visible, but is seen to be not only stern, logical, truthful and wondrously real, but poetic, prophetic, musical, and full of inspiration.

Life is valuable, because he is valuable. He is no longer slave, but son. He has found his life because he has found its foundation; himself. And what has he found himself to be? A son of God. Hence his life is the life of a son of God. Here breaks upon his vision,

his heirship. "And if children, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." That is the soliloquy of a clear-eyed soul, all full of the discovery of itself.

Such is the destruction of the private pessimism we all have. It has infested our lives so long. It has given us nothing. It has held us here so many years. We never said we doubted the value of life, but we secretly wondered *why* we were here, and *where* we were going. We have let this wonder employ us. It has enfeebled our energies. We did not believe very much in the duty of doing, because there was nothing good or great in us to do. We did not feel life very much, for we did not feel ourselves very much. But now we are Sons of God. And what do we find? Why there is some sense in these great faculties, these sublime energies. We see now. "The light of the world" has made a revelation of us.

Here—we strike our breasts—here is the life eternal flowing, as we breathe, into the life temporal. Here, we touch our heads, *here*, under this dome is organized the civilizations of the Sons of God—their revolutions, policies, finance, nationalities, constitutions, and Magna Chartas. Here, we lift our feet; *here*, is the messenger which shall carry our deepest life—we say: *here*, is "the Kingdom of God," "the true skekinah is man." Every atom of me is sacred; every point divine; I am a Son of God—oh life! filled with God's sublimities, seize your forces and harness them to the omnipotence which is yours by inheritance!

Such is the inner idea of conversion; the dawning of a self-consciousness great as the man is. Such is the experience of every man who sees his nature when "the light of the world" has illuminated every cranny, and flooded with supernal glory that whole confedera-

tion of powers which makes a man. Such is the clearness of the light, which, falling from Christ, through him, illuminates the world.

And this is the beginning of all really true manhood. The man born blind, annointed with what often seems only the dust of life, as touched into power, and made instinct with inspiration by Jesus, makes the acquaintance of himself by making the acquaintance of Jesus, and makes the acquaintance of his surroundings as he makes the acquaintance of himself. And Jesus is valuable to him because He illustrates in the sublimest degree, the idea which makes all human life true and valuable: "The Kingdom of God is within you." That is the beginning of all mastery. A man conscious of that is at the root of the matter. That is the sailor, thrown out of his boat into the sea, saying: the swimmer is here in this myself about to drown! That is the man, who, so long has been waiting for manhood to come to him, saying, at last: in me is the man I seek, and what I dimly see must come out into fullest manhood.

How a man looks at sin, then! What a sinfulness is in sin! And, fully in possession of himself, he sees that that is infernal indeed which ever blinded him to these landscapes, kept him in woe and wretchedness, and made a demon and a coward of this Son of God.

But it is only the beginning. A man sees that he has missed so much. All these energies around him are set for the development of this newly found sonship.

Life itself, first, in and through all else, is the means to manhood. Instead of making it a means to an end, he has made it an end. By this mistake, he transforms it into antagonism to him. He has made everything bend to life, instead of making life serve manhood. He

has been its slave. So always a man makes a mistake for himself when he mistakes life itself. It is as though a man would take the road for the city to which it leads. To such, life must seem going without getting anywhere. He must count it a fraud and a lie. It is a fraud, because he has defrauded himself in his calculations. It is a lie, because he has made it such. Different, entirely, is the idea of Jesus. The road is valuable because it leads to the city, and life is worth living, because manhood is the end toward the making of which it is a means. The thought of manhood, as Jesus conceived it, is an end, in and of itself. It is a fact, which is such a unity that it is "a law unto itself." A Son of God is worth living. He has a "right to the tree of Life." He "inherits." These "shall go out no more," though "the gates thereof are open continually." Such is manhood. Such is life, here and beyond, because such is manhood as revealed by "the light of the world."

And so all the phases and activities of life come to be divine to men. Thus Jesus, with this thought, caught up its torn shreds, until, in its beams, He wove a new conception of human existence. Ay, thus Jesus did more—He brought His own life, thus made full, into such relationship with the dust of our life—dust at which we never looked, because blind—dirt which was but fragments of the planet which held us fast, and at last swallowed us up in graves of death—dirt, over which we walked aimlessly—dust which added, we thought, to our blindness—dirt, this dust, the useless matter of a world, the cast away stuff of nature—to this He added His life, as unified and glorified by that idea, and with it, ever since, and even now, opens our blindness into sight, our darkness into light, our doubt into faith, our error into truth, our groaning wretched-

ness into ecstatic visions, all our common earthliness into rarest heavenliness.

That blind and unannointed man is our time of doubt and pessimism, as well as of healthful question-asking.

Three words lie heavy on this century's thought: *Who? Where? Why?* and we add to their significance, when our civilization takes them out of our speculation, and in its life, adds great interrogation-points after them. Nothing of our great discoveries has taken away anything of the perplexity of the problem. If it is made certain that we have come from lower organisms,—more certainly wonderful is it *who* we are, *where* we have been, are, and yet will go; and *why* we came thus far, or even *why* we are at all. Whatever else, man is here. No question about his origin confutes that fact. He is the burden of himself in our time. Where to put ourselves—that we seek. Mathew Arnold in sweetest tones sings:

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At that vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

"O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear;
'Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself looses his misery.'"

and then the same thinker comes to another conclusion, and sings:

"The glow . . . . . the thrill of life,
Where, where do these abound?—
Not in the world, nor in the strife
Of men, shall they be found.
He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,
Knows how the day has gone;
He only lives with the world's life
Who has renounced his own."

A hundred other leaders of thought try to dispose of us. It is man burdened with himself.

And why is he burdened? Because, just as the barbarian with tons of gold, he knows not *what* and *who*, and that makes him ask *why* and *where*. Man is on the thought of the day, like the blind man on his own hands; and he can not get rid of himself except by holding himself in the question *where*, which grows out of the deeper question *who*, which, when answered, shall satisfy the problem *why*. What shall be done? Jesus must spit upon the ground of our life, and make out of its dirt, ointment for our eyes. He must annoint us with a changed, revolutionized materialism. Our earthiness touched with His heavenliness, must be made to cure us, and His revelation of Himself to us must and will give us the revelation of us to ourselves.

And what does this method of revelation accomplish to our age? I almost said: *All things*. For he has what of all things there is for his manhood, who has himself. And that is what this revealer, this light, this incarnate and now diffusive luminousness, does. He comes to reveal men to themselves by revealing Himself to them. Our time is nearly as far gone in agnosticism as the creeds would suggest. I think man knows *man* less than he supposes; and thus we have more creeds than deeds. The fact is, the life of the world is the tremendous proof that we do not know *who man is*. For when Jesus is here and then annoints the eyes of this blind man, and he discovers himself through the great offices of Jesus, a great change occurs in the treatment he receives at his own hands. And to an age it is the same. Selfhood, as an idea and ideal, seizes man, and he begins a new life. By showing Himself as a Son of God, He shows that every man is also a son of God. This is that selfhood. Because it is a selfhood worth realizing, every man's life is worth living. Scepticism concerning a man's value is gone. He triumphantly says:

"I am now a son, and it doth not yet appear what I shall be." The oncoming ages sweep into his thought. Manhood, glorious, God-like, heaven-baptized manhood is before him, lingers potentially in his trembling soul and in these swift-coming eternities, and glitters above, to shine into his nature within, as the loftiest point in the universe of God, where the factual and the ideal are one. Pessimism flies. Doubt is gone. Man, in the image of God—man, as the son of God, is here.

As to any sceptical time in which he lives, so also to the consciousness of every man, comes with the discovery of man, the vision of great duties, magnificent responsibilities, as well as lofty prospects. Indeed, character and prospect may always be taken as measurements of duty and responsibility. A prospect is the measure of a man, with respect to things done, a duty is his measure with relation to things to be done. The discovery of a man is the discovery of both. As a Son of God, he has got near to himself when a man feels the greatness of his duties or the largeness of his duties or the largeness of his prospects. He has begun to see through himself into things. Life is no more a wonder, dream, or toy. But to live is as grandly serious as it is to be a Son of God. Into the duties must, perforce, go the man who perceives himself. He has, as he sees, no right, but that which his universal relationships accord to him. His rights contain the hint of all other rights. His sonship is now more than his own, for a sonship cannot be without a fatherhood, and this divine fatherhood must overspread the race. Thus Jesus came to fulfill the law and the prophets. He fulfills it by filling man with the ideal of himself, as conceived by God, that every man may so overflow law with his love, that a larger manhood may come, which shall be "a law unto itself."

If I am to say what I believe shall make bold and clear to men the ineffable value of duty, it must be, that idea which has given light to all darkness and sight to all blindness—*every man is a Son of God.* It has put down tyrannies in the past, and all sin is tyranny. It has put life into civilization before: for it has righted wrong, and all wrong is death. It has exalted freedom, years ago, and all badness is slavery. It has filled the ages with hope, crowned the smallest acts with righteousness, filled the day-time with glory, and the night with the stars of morning.

Our trouble may be seen right here. We are not heavily loaded with duty, as we think we are, but we are heavily loaded with an unconscious scepticism, which has begun to get conscious: that *there is little or nothing to carry.* Yet our duties ought to teach us more. Duty must discover the doer. A man knows not his power until the demand upon him helps him to find his broad shoulders. And so if we can see that every man is a Son of God, and that therefore, his duty is the appeal of God's universe to a Son of God, we may change the glasses, and believe that because such duties come to him, he must be a Son of God. Change the glasses, if you will, "the light of the world" gives the revealing medium through which we may see anything at all, and touching the dust about us with His life, does all things for every man when He reveals that man to himself. More than duty does he then see. He feels himself to be a Son of God with duties, and an heir, therefore, with gigantic prospects. His life is a force now. It is not stagnant, but it rushes on forever. The "light is the life of men." What a life cheers his veins with ardor; what a glow colors his cheek! He has found himself as a Son of God, and he has filled to over-flowing, with his inspired personality, all duty and responsibility,

until he has touched the idea, that his inheritance is what is best of all things to him—his own redeemed manhood.

I meet you, here, this morning, and we have the same story to tell, each to the other. Men and women, we have been hunting for our forces before, as a way to get at ourselves. We have been feeling about for ways to get along instead of seeking light for our eyes, the acquaintance of ourselves. And we come to report failure. Instead of finding this way to be good for making us good, we have found the way as weak as we are. Instead of finding our church-membership a saving boat, it has sunk with our weight. Instead of our lodges and pledges, our associations and resolutions, our new house, and the New Year's days—instead of their exalting us, we find them of just the quality of righteousness which we possess, and they have just the influence on us which we seem to have on ourselves.

Why is all this? All this is because we have not found ourselves, first, and then, as a very natural consequence, found our forces next. For these things, after all, are no more than we are. There is just as much of manhood in the church as the manly soul puts into it. These *ways to be good* are worthless, except as a good man fills them with himself, and thus, uses their emptiness to contain his fullness. All the boats, which, duly painted, and named with heroic names, and are set to move on the sea, are only wood and paint, except to a sailor who knows that the shore and the route thereto are in his own arms, and bends the oar with a heavy sailorhood. That sailorhood dignifies pieces of wood into oars, and a painted basket made of boards into a leaping burden-bearer over the great deep.

The radical mistake of our religious life, is that we have not been discovered to ourselves; that He who said,

"the kingdom of God is within you," never touched our eyes; that we are importing it all, and making the instruments more than their master, the boat more than the sailor. We wait for the evangelist. We must change the hymn-book. We need this new help and we languish, but blindly feel our way along this half-religious life, which we live. We need Jesus, my hearers, to discover to every man that he is a son of God, that all life is from within outward, and not from without inward; that things are simply means to carry on what we put into them; that these forces we talk about, are only small boats waiting for a master; and that real character is the last grand thing to reach, and the thing to which, with life's full powers, we must aim at, first and forever.

Oh, for the discovery of every man to himself—then the discovery of his powers comes. We have set a man to find all else and hoped that therefrom he might find himself. We have told him to get acquainted with the service, the songs, the family prayer, the discipline, confession of faith, and creed; and he has failed. But Jesus first makes the blind acquainted with himself. "The light of the world" translates all things to him, when He translates the enigma—himself—to himself. We say: get acquainted with the fences and ditches, and sun, and sky, and flowers, and routes, and cities—and then you may find your eyes. But Jesus touches his eyes and easily enough does the blind man find these things.

We wonder why men do not see the value of time. Now there is a man of great leisure. He has a splendid library for ornament; and a warm fire and good eyes, and yet he yawns the evenings away. He is all unsatisfied and weary until the time goes. He goes to his neighbor's house "to pass away an hour," and helps

his friend to "kill time." "Oh, I thought," he says, "I would come over and *spend* the evening." And we wonder why that is; why he does not see the eternal value of every minute, and feel the hours loaded with the everlasting grandeur of God. Well, the trouble is with him. He is "blind." He has never seen himself. He has no real idea that he is "a Son of God." He is a "rich gentleman, a well-to-do, friendly, nice, agreeable, charming man," and all that. But beneath—way beneath it all—he is a Son of God. Get him to see that, and all is seen. The value of time comes to a man when he sees the value of himself, and never until then. He may try mechanically to bluster about and fill up the days, and worry out the hours, in seeming business, but time is never valuable until he sees himself valuable to himself, to God, and to the world.

And so with all the forces—the past, knowledge, science, progress, the age in which one lives, the discoveries of men, home, friendship and the church—he who has found his own value, finds the value of all things else.

And so with the infernal nature of sin, the wretchedness of a life without manhood, the barrenness of an existence without outlook, the pure lie that one lives who lives not for character, for what he may be under God—all these you will see if you see yourself. The discovery of possible strength makes the discovery of weakness. How long do we wait to know whether we shall sin any more? How soon shall we find the real outrage we commit against ourselves, by living without God in the world?

I urge you, therefore, to be strong from within. Discovery of yourself as the Son of God, through Jesus Christ—this is the beginning point of all your true life. It is grander to live from the central point, the self-con-

sciousness: "I am a child of God," than from all the points without. He who lives from within out, lives out into larger realms. He has all the radii of the circle then, to conduct his inner life to the outlying territory. Infinite is the reach of his energy. But no more infinite is it, than the life, which, rushing into his own, makes him cry: Abba, Father, "and from which his career flows out into infinity. "The Kingdom of God is within"—this is His touch to your eyes, this morning, and to its persuasions, I pray you, yield. We shall all be rich, say the ages of men, by your finding your true self. For he who finds himself, finds what shall master and control all the energies which touch him, and it shall come to pass that these energies shall not only be controlled, but controlled to universal goodness and truth. Seek not the ways to be good. *Be* good—that is the starting point as a Son of God. And as all goodness is soundness, and so is, at root, trueness, this goodness shall come from a self-conscious life—a life knit into unity and organic vitality by the truth of "the light of the world."

As the Dew Unto Israel.

HYMN.

(Louvan.)

Thou God of heaven, to thee we sing
  Our grateful song of joyous praise.
Our power and weakness now we bring;
  Inspire our lips, exalt our days.

Filled are these airs with richest dew,
  Touched are the flowers with freshest life.
Amid these glories, Lord, we view
  Our unproductive, flowerless strife.

  Within the common atmosphere,
Thou makest Thine eternal home.
  We call Thee now through doubt and fear;
Our life now opens; Come, oh, come!

Baptize us, Dew of heaven, now,
  Add to our life Thine influence sweet,
With Thine infinities endow
  The currents of our life-growth fleet.

SERMON V.

As The Dew Unto Israel.

"I will be as dew unto Israel.—Hosea, Chap. XIV, 5v.

Here, my friends, we are, with the last phase of a great idea. These words are the report of its transcendent truth, as it leaves the mind of Hosea, that other ideas may follow in its train. It is of that literature which came from such as this prophet, when into them had come the new ideas, with which all the highest thought was active. It is the light of the future forcing itself into his present outlook, until like sunbeams which worry a blossom out into bloom, the outlook becomes a picture of that which underlies both present and future —eternity. It is always thus that we we get the understanding of the permanent, young eternity. It is always when we catch sight of its fair fingers, introducing into the present the life and destinies of the undying future. Judaism was dead as the past. New thoughts, the foregleams of near discoveries, filled the finest spirits, and thrilled every man, who, like Hosea, had a high vision-place. Do not think that his greatest discovery was any special doctrine of the on-coming revolution. Do not suppose that his finest possession was found to be the theory of that system, the presence of which he felt in the air. Hosea may never have possessed the idea consciously, but it was that truth which lay beneath both systems, that thought which made one valuable as a means, and the other as the end, that

idea which shattered the one into peices, as a bud seems to be shattered, that the full flower of nature might spread its petals in the sun, in the other—which two-faced fact is *the naturalness of religion.*

I am doing full justice to Hosea, when I say that I I know not if he got it fully before his thought. He used it, nevertheless. He saw Judaism flower into Christianity, but he was so intent on seeing the blossom, that he forgot to catch a sight of that strange, marvelous life, which was greater than both, without which there would be neither bud nor blossom, but which had its richest expression in that, into which, all that was before it unfolded.

How often do we speak more deeply than we know, and how clearly, here, does this enraptured thinker show the unconsciously held truth, which lay at the root of his brightest thoughts, on which they fed and matured into glory! For the more he talks about the uneasy, but deep feeling present and suggests the possibilities of the future of Israel, the more he holds to a deeper life than they live—a life on which they found their life —running through all the changes, and carrying Israel past all the dangers of being lost from existence. The more he hints of what must be, standing, as he does, on what is, the more he illustrates the truth that the religion which is, is the outgrowth of the religious possibilities of the world, and that that which shall be, shall also have as natural a basis. He is using what afterwards Emerson will weave into poetry:

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old,
> The litanies of nations came
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below—
> The canticles of love and woe.
> The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity.

"Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Knowest thou what wove the wood-bird's nest,
Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves, new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles."

But he is more logical, though not less poetic than our New England sage. Hosea's mind worked into the relations of this fact. Whether, consciously or not, his mind answered the query to itself; if so, *what?* And, it is a triumphant answer. It is the word to be spoken to an unthoughtful scepticism to-day. *Why, if religion is natural, the nature of things is pledged to it. If Judaism is a logical outgrowth of the universal powers which find their consummate presentation in Abraham or Moses, then the universe is pledged to sustain it. If something, which shall be to this, as a flower is to a bud, is going naturally to grow out of this, then the whole structure and nature of things is pledged to its maintenance and help. The universe could not hold together, if it were not so that no wings come without air for their loftiest possibilities. No flower without dew-filled heavens to respond*—and right here is the symbol found. Manhood—greater than Israel, greater than the Christian Church—as suggested by Moses, and—he looks ahead—as it shall soon be illustrated to every man by God Himself, as this flower—this finest product, this most fragrant consummate effort of the universe can and shall not lack what its whole nature must have; it shall not fail for that for which its entire self-hood is a plea—the eternal dew, the life-giving dew, the refreshing, strengthening, persuasive dew which is the silent and private baptism it receives from the loving God. "Teufeldroch" is wrong. The worlds are rounded and gathered into galaxies by

supernatural naturalism. And with this foundation under, and this future above it, God speaks to Israel everywhere. And here is this divine soliloquy: "I will be as dew unto Israel. He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon."

Now I am not sorry to have taken so much time, if we are only arrived at the spiritual point of view, looking, from which, these thoughts are possible. Here only can we see their depth. I want while here to examine the operation of this system of supernatural naturalism, by which we have been brought thus far, and in the light of a certain set of human experiences, find our relations to these facts and the magnitude of our responsibility under them.

What is attractive in this presentation of the truth of God's care for us and His blessings upon us, is that He Himself is the blessing. He Himself is the baptism which shall re-invigorate, refresh and persuade us into growth and development and power.

My friends, we are not up to this truth. We are not building churches on this idea, and only the best men and women we meet, have found the reality of this relationship. "I will be as the dew," speaks Jehovah. He says it to the famishing churches throughout Christendom. He whispers it in the airs around and about them. He makes the atmospheres which are laden with Himself, working upon them all day as the Light, heavy with His message and that of which it speaks, through all the darkness of the night. He Himself—the Infinite One—He will be near them and with them, day and night, if only they will open their petals to Him and expose their uncovered heads for His hand of baptism.

All this time we are trusting the methods, and relying upon the ways and means. We do not doubt but that there is a God. We have never said we did not believe that the power of the church was the power of God in and through her. We never meant to think that God was not necessary. But on analysis, it is strongly true that the finances could have been run with a doubt as to the Infinite; that the Church could have been about as well filled with people if we had not said anything about God in our creed, which we lost years ago in the fire; that the socials and other meetings could have been quite as cheerful without any opening prayer, which we have always expected the pastor to make, and which has been omitted in his absence—in fact, that since our church-life has been mostly of this sort, nothing especially eloquent on the subject of "Evidences for the Being of God" could be found in the whole performance.

Yet we now remember that we felt uneasy all the time. We got a new organ, but the neighborhood was no better. We appointed a new board of trustees but they did not revive us. A new roof was put on the house but our ward went beyond the population on voting-day. A new preacher was found but a saloon came within a square of the church. Everything went well with the church, but it did nothing, and the old people died and went to heaven.

Am I preaching to all these members of various churches, here, without reciting a fact? Am I not rather giving the history of Christian inactivity and impotence everywhere?

What is the reason beneath it all? The reason of it all is, we have not known by experience with Him, that God Himself is the dew for which this lily pleads, and without which this lily shall die. How we have fought

for our church instead of fighting for a "closer walk with God!" We have battled for our method, and our creed, and our way of running a church, until we are nearly done out. Do you wonder that we are weak? Is it not certain that we have wasted strength? Oh, we have wasted power enough to have brought a race to the truth, and what is worse—we have wasted it in trying to get what was not vital at all. We need not waste our powers. Growth in grace is not a pugilistic science or art. Mere pugnacity is a crime. God calls not for antagonism, for God comes of His own accord. He fills the airs we touch with Himself. He is the dew for our thirsty, dying churches everywhere.

It is as if a lily were conscious and were all ready to bloom. Just a night's dew-fall would open it with the morning sun. And there that lily, with its golden-tongue, hid in spotless lips of white, discusses with itself the theory of blossoming for a whole day and a long chilly night. Like a church, it wonders why it ever came into being. Some other lily cries out: the dew will open you into beautiful, fragrant lilyhood. And then the golden-tongue tries to chatter within the closed white lips the methods of opening, the ways of other lilies, the exact steps and theory of receiving the dew. At last it concludes that dew is the thing needful. But it must speculate about what the dew is, how it comes, what are its constituents, what are its attributes, does it look like my idea of it, and will it be like the dew of other lilies. Then it begins to wilt and grow weak and its head hangs until it concludes that there is no dew at all. Its tongue of gold is still, its white lips are the lips of death.

Now, here is another lily. It is already to bloom. It aches to blossom. It suffers to be a flower and be free. Only one dewfall, and the morning will find a

sweet lily looking upward into the sun. The dew comes. Its golden-tongue cries: baptize, oh dew, baptize me with thy power. The white lips open, the tongue of gold is loosened. And with that lily, eloquent and pure, the whole anthem of nature is a familiar song.

What you want in your church, and what I want in my church is the dew. Meteorology never saved a lily, and theology never saved a man. "I will be as the dew," says the Eternal One. It is not the idea of God, the method of God, the attributes of God, the church of God, the preacher of God, but God Himself, eternal and supreme, who shall baptize us with light in the day-time, and with the dew in the night-time, and leave us with the sparkling jewels of His presence covering our opening powers, and unweaving the shafts of the sun into the rainbows of peace.

I do not deny methods, churches, theologies and means. I am trying to dignify them by showing you that they have a place, and that that place is to be helpful to us of the power from on high. I am trying to make it clear, how what are now in our way may be made valuable to us. I am trying another thing—to make clear how we shall estimate all these things.

Churches are necessary, methods, means, ways—all of them are necessary, but they do not refresh, nor inspire, nor vitalize. God behind, working through them, will bring the world to Himself. But without Him, they are nothing. Our methods and our names will never refresh us and keep us alive. What if a lily about to bloom, would remember that years ago an ancestor blossomed there, and by venerating its name, and remembering the beautiful things people said about it, as they went by, and telling to itself how splendid it was, should thus try to soliloquize and proudly boast itself into bloom! You smile. That is just what we do when

we talk about Finney and Bacon, the Pilgrims and the Edwards, Wesley, Roger Williams, Knox, Luther, Otterbein and Calvin. I do not deny them. But you might as well read a funeral ode to a thirsty lily and expect it to blossom, as to expect a church or a man to come to bloom and power, by remembering the glories of the past. One dew drop of the present is worth, in the equations of growth, a whole dead sea of the past. And that dew is God Himself.

Let no method or way or theory come between you and the living God. Let the readiness of these agencies to bring God to you and you to Him, be the test of their value. That church is the best for you, through whose influence over you, you can reach your best and truest selfhood. That creed is the best by which you get the most of this dew on the surface, and into the veins of your thirsty life. That way to you from God is the best which gets most of God to you, and that way from you to God is the best way to you by which you get the most of yourself to Him. No church is worthy a man's faith which substitutes dogma for power, and no man has found the best way for him, until he has found where he comes most in contact with the King of heaven. Nothing can compensate for the loss of the living God. Nothing can touch the unborn powers of manhood, but the baptism of His presence and power.

It is with the individual Israel as with the developing church. All divine growth is Divine power coming into us, entering our destinies and opening up the vistas of our future. We are accustomed to talk very slightingly about the experiences of the human soul with God, and yet all investigation of growth everywhere, makes clear the depth of the assertion, which the truest souls of all ages have made concerning a religion of experience.

What would a flower be without its experience with the dew, from the time it finds itself out of the ground until it rounds its destiny by producing seeds which shall bear its life on and on! Its experience with the dew translates it to itself, and develops its flowerhood into fullness and power. Unconsciously it drinks it in. It is refreshed. A new life begins. Its old powers expand. New energies come. It throws off the wastes. It assimilates the necessities. It builds out of the forces which come to it. It has been invigorated with the experience with the dew. Just look, some time, if you will, at a stem which seems to be the very picture of dispair. Its whole life is in *statu quo*. Its powers are at a stand still. A dew-fall comes. Its energies are roused. It has experienced the touch, the persuasions, the invitations, the gifts of goodness which lay in that dew. And it looks now like a conscious thing. Bravely it strikes its root. It takes the dew in, and by and by, it translates all that experience into beauty and fragrance.

Such is the religious life. Brethren! away with a religion, which laughs at Christian experience. That unconscious lily had an unconscious experience with the unconscious dew. It was a grand sight to see it survive, live, bloom. And every true man, as he is conscious, has his conscious experience with the Conscious God. "I will be as dew unto Israel"—it is not unreasonable that the nature of things shall grant it. Shall unconscious lilies experience unconscious dew, and shall not conscious men have experience with a conscious God? The history of manhood confirms the promise, and deepens with every page the truth of an experimental religion.

I touch this topic with reverence. But with reverence, I ask of you, what would your friendship be worth without a personal conscious experience. Why is it that I

watch the morning car, every day, for the coming of one I love to see? Why is it that I have encountered the greatest risk for a single conscious sight of one I love? And is our relation to God less real to us? Is it not a swelling responsive life between the consciousness of man on earth and that of God in heaven? Oh, how our religious lives falter and shrivel and fade, pleading for the experience with the dew. They pant for the conscious nearness. They fail and fall, begging for what is as really their right and need, as the dew to the thirsty lily.

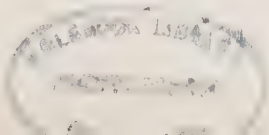
And this crying want in us would not plead so earnestly if the experiences which we might have with God were not so vital to our best manhood. Nature does not lie in these tender but powerful demands. The whisper of God girdles the world, and sounds in the wants of which He is the supply. This dying life of yours attests the wrong you do to yourself. *Life* is the order of things; and only a crime against one's self can it be called, which shall deprive a man of what is needful to his manhood. You wrong yourself to deprive yourself of what shall make you what you can be—God's touch upon you, God's in-being in your character—the experiences of a finite being, quivering with the presence of the Infinite.

Look at the experiences of the flower. What is the secret of its newly found greatness? Why, it gets to the idea and forces within it, all the ideas and forces within the dew which comes to it, and thus with a reinforcement goes on into growth. And what are the experiences of the best men? God came to them, their thoughts had faltered, their expectations were drooping, their ambitions were at rest, their desires had grown still with approaching death. They *experienced* the presence of the Divine. The ideas of Jehovah

seized them; the expectations which the Infinite Father had in them roused into life; the desires of the Omnipotent stirred their own into a full and free vitality, and again, or for the first time, they were experiencing themselves, their powers and possibilities, as they experienced God, His powerful personal influence, and His conscious Divine life flowing into their conscious human life.

Let us seek these heights and depths of experience. I know they are deeper than our thought, creed, or the vision of our memory. You have said: this is very discouraging to me, I have had no such experiences. I answer: you ought not to be discouraged that there are eternal heights beyond you. It is encouraging to know that there is so much more of manhood and womanhood than we have seen; and to a soul, all on fire with loyalty, that is an inspiration. But, my hearers, you have not heard me aright if you think that these experiences are so superficial as to be susceptible of being put into creeds, embodied in journals, thrown upon sheets of paper, accurately known and analyzed, or even wholly remembered. Some of the most vital of our life-inlets have borne their burden into us silently; and so deep has been their flood that only the rising crafts, sailing o'er our spirit-sea, showed the fullness of the coasts. We can be conscious of experiences that we never can fathom, or even name. Consciousness underlies feeling, thought and purpose. And, underlying them all, when an experience stirs its depths, the whole being is moved, though of this incoming flood no account is made. So, often, this dew, God's personal conscious presence, comes in and abides.

And then those luminous hours—we do have them. No one analyzes their glory. But it falls upon our foreheads. There in these, we take root in eternity. There



the dew falls, at night, out of our trouble, and we make our manhood fast in the nature of things, forever. They are the times of salvation and power. By making us push our roots deeper into the spirit of things, God, coming to us as the dew, fixes our permanence, helps us to immortality, and then, above the soil, in the clear light, persuades us and helps us to grow and blossom into the divinest manhood.

How rich in suggestion, is this text of the presence and operation of God upon willing human souls! The deeper the science, the deeper the revelation. The poets sing of the dew as a product of the zenith, dripping down the great sides of the firmament, and falling silently from the highest point, now and then, straight down, upon the thirsty world. Those who have collected the literature of the subject and announce the scientific views are pleased to tell of the mistakes of Virgil, Horace, Pliny, and to show the mistake of Shakespeare when he talked of dew as falling "like the gentle rain from heaven." But what could be more true than the figure, when we understand it. The *everywhereness* of the Infinite Father, how could it be more beautifully preached to the children of this planet?

For He is as the dew, and some of our theology is as bad and untrue as our poetry about the dew. We think of Him as being far away and living only in the zenith, or amidst the summits of the universe. Some of our songs call Him from afar. And when we try to explain our lives, we say, that we were here on earth and God was there in heaven, and that this distance between the lily and the dew is the all-answering reason of its weakness and lack of blossoms. Yet the whole nature of things shows us that we have made a mistake. As the dew is the invisible moisture, with which the atmosphere is filled, made visible, so is the infinite

God the invisible life with which all the zones of being are full, and who makes His hand visible and powerful to us, in baptizing our thirsty souls with the presence of Himself. What is the basis of things, but this One who alone says: "*I am that I am*," who alone reaches pure, independent being? Life of all kinds—existence itself in every phase, rests in Him, and abides because He is in it. He is the All within the each. He is the Source, and Power, and soul of all things. The simplest thought shows how He must be within life and existence. The unutterable Unity is personal, and there is a *uni*-verse because this One is every where. Our little life is held together with His presence in it, and about it, and it requires no serious philosophy, but the single glance of reason, to see that no phase of human existence is so low, no sort of life is so mean, as not to be sustained by an Independent, Personal Existence, on which it feeds, in which it is, and with the persuasive presence of which, its loose atoms are related into a unity.

More loudly, however, than silent thought speaks the history of manhood everywhere. Never did one of the finest lives, we know of, live on earth, but proved that the dew it wanted and received did not lie hidden in the great crannies of the sky, nor was it concealed in the height immense, but that in the atmosphere about it, in the unfolded layers of this common-place and low existence, of which it was a part, in this saturated air, through which our lives have called for dew from on high—they only needed to present a sincere surface, and it was then proven that the Infinite was everywhere, yea even here, as Father, as the dew to the thirsty but blessed flower. Life, at its truest, translates what is one of the highest reaches of thought, the everywhereness of God. It is in another glowing light of the same idea,

that the poet has asked, and in asking, has answered: "Where is God?"

"Ah, where is the sea the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We've heard from old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look at the waters blue;
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

In a grand sense, no sight but that of life, and an open thought, can see anywhere, Him who is everywhere.

But these night-times, when we cannot see, is He here? We cannot see Him in our barns and in the muddy business of caring for our stock. No thought of Him comes to us from the washing, the cooking, the care of the home. He does not sound His trumpet in the ordinary work of office, school-house, and store. And neither does the dew in the silent midnight. How do we know that He is there? *Ought* is there, and where *ought* is, there is God. We know we ought to be humane, good, faithful and true to the animals. We ought to wash with all our genius, cook with all our faculties, and throw all our manhood and womanhood into the home. We ought to make dignified and pure our business. That *ought* is the touch of an Infinite Person on our faculties of doing. In doing, there comes duty. *Due-ness* to what? To all else, because to the All-Father who makes all else worthy our highest doing. And faith is here, too. Faith in the strength of right, in the laws of the universe which touch us. One who is the Power of right, and the author of law, is therefore, here also. And so truth and goodness, with

duty, right, and faith could not fill our life unless their Source and Strength were within and behind them.

But, turn the few pages of manhood we have seen. They all—these self-sacrificing, true, dutiful, good and righteous ones—they are all covered with the dew which they caught upon the willing surfaces of their natures, from these night-times. They stood in life that seemed ordinary enough, in gloom they did not understand, but they

> "Caught the evanescent twinkle,
> Caught the fairy footed tinkle,
> Of the dewfall, raining on the leafage cool and dense,"

yea, they did more—they saw that the atmospheres were loaded with the Divine, charged with infinities, full of God; they felt that the dew did not come a long distance; that they only needed to have opened their heart and being, in the midst of their own common ordinary life, to find its value and their nearness to God; and when they have afterwards sat and told the experiences over to themselves, they have remembered some of it,

> "And I said:" thou one all-seeing
> Perfect omnipresent Being,
> *Sparkling in the nearest dewdrop, throbbing in the farther'st star*
> By the pulsing of whose power,
> Suns are sown and systems flower,
> Who hath called my soul from chaos, and my faltering feet thus far—
>
> "What am I to make suggestion?
> What am I to doubt and question;
> Ways too wondrous for my searching, which no science can reveal,
> Perfect and secure my trust is
> In thy mercy and thy justice,
> Though I perish as an insect by thine awful chariot wheel;"

all this is the rainbow of truth, which lies on the other side of the blessing of God to us, as the bright truth of our life falls through His nature. We do not see it in the gloomy night, but it comes with the morning sun. "I will be as dew unto Isreal."

The glory of His presence in our life is revealed, when the sorrow-clouds and our world get between us and the sun.

I have, this morning, read you a beautiful poem from the experiences of a fine and high nature. It is a noble scripture lesson. We saw what a rain-bow came to him as through God's presence fell the truth of death—a truth we generally fail to catch—as a shaft of light through a drop of dew. I cannot forget, with you, his reading from this platform, in tones full of eternal music, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, "He giveth His beloved sleep." Who shall ever forget the address which followed? How many breathed in the eternal zones, when, with steady tread, he marched with these propositions, up to the secret, and held the veil aside, while we saw immortality:

I. Love, when pure, is creative, preservative, curative.

II. Love is therefore in harmony with the nature of things.

III. What is in harmony with the nature of things cannot be a lie, or tell a lie.

IV. Love cannot lie.

V. Love dreams, postulates, asserts and defends immortality.

VI. Therefore immortality cannot be a lie, *must be true*.

And so, I was not astonished, that a few days after the death of his daughter, the artist, a letter full of heroic but tearful joy, should come from Mr. Alcott, to me, bearing the manuscript of this finest ode. It is not the dew drop, but it is the gathered glory of these heaven-born hues, which could not have been, save as He, who is dew to Israel, was so near to him as to be between

the truth of death and his soul, and so resolve it for the opened eye, into an iris-hued elegy :

It was but yesterday
That all was bright and fair.
Came over the sea
So merrily,
News of my darling there.
Now over the sea
Comes hither to me,
Knell of dispair—
"No more, no longer there."

Ah ! gentle May,
Couldst though not stay ?
Why hurriest thou so swift away ?
No, not the same—
Nor can it be—
That lovely name to me again,
What once it was before to me,
It can not, can not be,
That lovely name to me.

I can not think her dead,
So lately sweetly wed ;
She who had tasted bliss,
A mother's virgin kiss,
Rich gifts conferred to bless—
With costliest happiness.
Nobilty and grace
To fill the highest place.

Broken the golden band,
Severed the silken strand
Ye sisters four !
Still to me two remain,
And two have gone before ;
Our loss, her gain,
And He who gave can all restore.
And yet—oh ! why,
My heart doth cry,
Why take her thus away ?

I wake to tears and sorrow,
Wearily I say—
"Come, come, fair morrow,
And chase my grief away !"
Night long I say :
"Haste, haste, fair morrow
And bear my grief away !"
All night long,
My sad, sad song. '

"Comes not the welcome morrow"
My boding heart doth say :
Still grief from grief doth borrow ;
"My child is far away."
Still as I pray,
The deeper swells my sorrow.
Break, break ! The risen day
Takes not my grief away.

Full well I know,
Joy's wells are fathomless—
Its fountains overflow
To cheer and bless,
And underneath our grief
Wells forth and gives relief.
Transported May !
Thou couldst not stay ;
Who gave, took thee away.
Come, child, and whisper peace to me,
Say, must I wait, or come to thee ?
I list to hear
Thy message clear.

"Cease, cease new grief to borrow !"
Last night, I heard her say :
"For sorrow hath no morrow,
'Tis born of yesterday.
Translated thou must be
My cloudless daylight see,
And bathe, as I, in fairest morrows endlessly."

But in yet other ways than these, does God become "as dew unto Israel." What a refreshing agency has the dew? It is the missionary of life to the flower at night, as sunshine is in the daytime. And so God who calls Himself Light, who filled Jesus with Himself, until, to men, He became the Light of the world, is just as real and true to him who needs Him in the darkness, in doubt, in temptation, in trouble, in ignorance, in weakness, in want of any kind. What foolishness it would be for the lily to want light always? To it the night comes as the complement of the day. Both are equally valuable. And both are saturated with the genius of nature. Yet we wonder in our night-times, why it is not light? We are straining our eyes for light, instead of looking and finding that we

are open to the dew. We do not believe in our troubles and cares. We roll our eyes for joy. We do not expose every inch of surface to the treasures of darkness. It is hard work to hunt light in the dark. It is easy and the divinely-given privilege, to take all the dew with which the gloom is filled. God saturates the day and the night. We must not look for Him with the same methods. As the times and conditions of our life vary, so shall we seek Him successfully. He is as divine in dew as in glittering splendor. He is as much to Milton blind, as to Milton with sight. Yea, as it often is, He is more to the mother who is deprived of all else, to the man slandered until he feels God alone in the dismal night, to the human being in pain, to the suffering burden-bearer—to all these, the still, quiet baptism is more than all the shivering robes of glory with which they have been covered before men. He is light for the day and dew for the night.

And what refreshment it is! How nature rises unto strength in the deepest midnight! That is nature's revival, as truly—yea, more truly, than if she had suddenly and noisily been translated to the fountains and washed with great waves. We wonder why our revival don't come. Days and nights, we have shut ourselves up and wondered. We have soliloquized about it until we have become disgusted with ourselves. Never once have we opened ourselves, so as to say: Come, in Thine own way, Lord; "Thy will be done." Oh, when we do that, we shall be revived. Our life will attain new powers. It will be a revival—a re-living, indeed.

Oh, how dull the thing grows—vapid, stale, old, and dry. "As dry as a sermon," we say. We are tired of singing, tired with the preacher; he is tired also—the songs are so old; we propose to change the hymn-book; the church is gloomy; our old prayer is so aged

that the boys know it and its gait, and begin to get up before we have said "amen;" the ideas of the gospel are dry; manhood and womanhood mean very little; heaven is less attractive; the face of nature is sad; the old story of the Cross grows so meaningless; and the things that thrilled us once are not even suggestive any more—all that comes. What is the matter? *Why we're dying.* Death stares us in the face. Lilies of the eternal God, wake! open yourselves wide; clear out, with every inch exposed to the dew; and be refreshed, revived! Let your old power, refreshened, begin again. Let the revival come. You have shut yourselves up long enough. Open out, while you can, and through the night of your doubt, God will kiss your lips with dew and fill you with the life everlasting.

And this is the history of manhood, all the way through. By refreshing us, God persuades us to grow. Like the dew, giving and preaching life to the lily, God gives and preaches life to us. What a persuader a dew-drop is? But it gives and so makes its persuasions strong. Touched by dew, this lily gets the inspirations of dew within it. Its life is dry no longer. So we revive. We re-live as He lives in and through us. We receive the blessing. We are expanded to take it in, and receiving it, we stay expanded with its powers. Oh, we receive the Blesser, too. No more smallness and weakness thereafter, the dew-drop is taken into us—forces, aims, instincts, and all. God comes in. Our love of men that was such a puny weakling, becomes identified with God's love for men that works in it, and through it, and makes it re-live. We estimate a man as God does. We love our race with somewhat the same affection that came rushing down through the skies, smiled at Bethlehem, wept at the grave of Lazarus, suffered at Gethsemane, died on Calvary, rose again in

triumph, and, at last, left the height of stone, with hands of benediction, rising into heaven. We get God's idea of duty. No more flimsy policies seize our destinies. No more idolatry of the expedient rules us. No more dodging of responsibility dominates us. No more cowardly fear of slander or criticism or the corrupt and irresponsible press, awes us. We speak, God speaks. Our life is bounding with His life in it. We get God's ideal of us, which is His idea of us and our greatest possibility. How the littleness goes out of life; how the unspeakable value of manhood flames before our eyes; how the grandeur of life gives dignity to our living; how magnificent is the earth; what a place to be noble in, do we have; how near the gates of God! We get the infinities of meanness and damnation in sin. We see the face of Satan—all scarred with woe, all red with blood. We hate what God hates. We love what God loves. By all His righteousness, we measure our hate of sin. We never saw before the wretched face of slavery of any sort. We never loved liberty so well. We never saw the hideous features of wrong, we never thought so much of right. We never loved justice until now. We never until now despised the slimy hands of vice. We never until now believed with all our power in Virtue. All the infinities of benevolence, truth, goodness and heaven, all the infinities of narrowness, selfishness, error, badness and hell—we never saw them, until God came to us and we saw, through the Infinite eye, infinitely. Oh, get God into a man, and the revival is come. Manhood means to him what it means to God. Nothing is dull. All day long, the juices of the universe circulate in and through him, from root to flower; and the night-time brings the silent baptisms of the dew of God.

Such are the persuasions of God. He comes with

infinite love, to shame our love, and then to encourage and add to it, until it goes out into new robes of power. He brings the possibilities within sight, that we may be inspired to seize our larger destinies. Nothing will wake you up like this dew. We do not want to see ourselves as the world sees us, to make us humble and fill us with the pursuit of excellence. Not as the creed, nor as the press, nor as our enemies nor even as our friends, but as God sees us—that we are in fact, and that, thank God, we are in possibility. So He says: "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

And how, and to what grand results, does this dew persuade the weary, tired and weak lily? We do not know what is in us until God persuades us to show its strength in duty. His thought or His purpose is sometimes enough to set the whole stillness of our soul into a storm of melody.

I sat, one day, last summer, in the edge of a large and dense wood. I had come through it, from the other side. I had heard no notes of music. I knew not of the presence of a single bird. I sat weary and alone. Away from a meadow, far below, came sweeping through the air, made resonant by its song, a bird, all vocal with melody. It flew into the silent shade. By and by I heard short notes, single tones, the tuning of the orchestra. One more bird began to sing. Another singer, and another, until that silence was broken; the woods resounded; the trees—each of them seemed inhabited with a songster; and that whole afternoon the music filled the forest which was so silent. So the thought of honesty and truth, breathed into the soul of a man I know, woke all the silent thoughts and ideals of his nature; broke amid his still life, like that bird's song in the forest, until all of that man was musical with truth and manhood. So everywhere, the dew

rallies the lily. It invites the eloquence of its golden tongue. It persuades its onward growth by giving it life and harmony.

So, at last, we come to the old idea and fact, to which God is persuading us—the idea and fact of growth into a perfect manhood. Oh, how it swelled the thought of Hosea: "I will be as dew unto Israel. He shall grow as the lily." It fills him, until the image breaks with the thought—"and cast forth his roots like Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine, the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." And the possibility of growth in manhood towards Godhood—the growth of a man by the presence of God in him—the development of the finite by its life in the Infinite—what simile can hold and describe it? No wonder Hosea broke the figure of speech. It is too much for ancient and modern symbols. Yet it is the whole teaching of this text. With the authority of its truth, I invite you to grow. It is the highest ability of the living things—to grow. To a living thing, *grow* is always the route to *be*. A living thing reaches its selfhood when it is perfect. All the distance this side of perfection must be called growth.

But we do not want to grow. We would rather just make an addition of three feet to our small stature—and then we see how absurd it would be to call that result a man. Growth is full of aches, experiences, years, and effort. This is not to our liking. And yet we must be vital unities—living, operating facts—to be men and women. And to this end, the dew comes. God persuades us to grow, invites us to develop, lovingly woos us unto our possibility, and there falls into us the

blessing of His presence, which is the capital of our growing power.

"Ah, I do not get this dew. Your sermon has been a dead loss to me. It is what I have thought I wanted but I have never seen one drop on my soul." So speaks your life? "Yes, and I know God must be unjust to me." My brother, does not the dew-fall come to the neighbor on the North and South and East and West? "Oh, yes." Then the surface of your soul has not been exposed to it. Open yourself to it, rather than deliberate to satisfy yourself that it is what you need; and the dew will come upon you. But some natures must change and be changed, before the dew can rest on them. It does not linger upon cold, hard metals. It will not hang in drops of light, on a self-conceited nature, polished with egotism, cold and hard. To the open soul, the dew comes, and on its garments, it lingers until the morning light shoots its splendors through and through it, and dissolves its now ended mission into the blaze of day.

My hearers, I leave you to the dew—our God, the eternal Father. Let nothing else lie between you and life. For He says, "*I* will be as the dew." Let us not under-estimate the treasures of our common life—all the air is filled with this inspiring fact. Let no persuasions of God be lost. Let the experiences of the human with the Divine be full, frequent, and let no man undervalue the privilege of growth. Growth is health. Health is purity, and purity is power. Oh, eternal dew, come to us. Give us, oh God, the radiant hours, when through Thee we are strong."

"For the radiant hour is rare
When the soul from heights of vision
Sees the shining plains elysian,
And in aftertimes of trouble we *forget* what peace is there."

Can we not add that we can not lose its strength, if even we do forget it?

Yet that radiant hour hath flashings
Of its lustre, mid the clashings
Of the forces in the life-din—those which grieve the finest souls,
And it conquers all resistance,
Sending beams into the distance,
Gathering, sweeping in that river which beyond the human rolls.

From the soul-birth, and the vision
Of the spirit, her commission
Is from heaven; and the hours of living, all are filled with light,
'Till the future, glowing, teeming,
Fills the promise of its seeming,
As the barge of God's great kingdom sweeps us out of faith to sight.

On the path unknown to vulture,
Cometh radiance more than culture,
Powerful, piercing into calyx, warming bud-life into bloom;
Even from a radiant hour,
Cometh heaven-descended power,
That shall guard us, lead us, ever, to the portal through the tomb.

Thus our human life is glowing,
Beauty blooms, of heaven's sowing,
In the darkness of the midnight, as in noonday's blinding sun;
For the light and dew of heaven
Hold and scatter holy leaven,
That our lives may thus be quickened and with deeper meanings run.

The Greatness of a Man, the Greatness of God in Him.

HYMN.

(Kensington.)

The ocean's home hath rugged sides,
Which curl its waves and bend its tides,
As its brave heart, with passion stirred,
Speaks through its lips, the eternal word
Of deepest feeling; or a thought
Thus drives its salty bosom through.
Explaining to the star-clad blue,
What hath the fiery sea-forge wrought.

The shores are one beneath the sea,
As life's bed is eternity;
Whose *now* and *then* meet underneath
Its white-caps and its spray-built wreath
Of sea snow, gathered from the deep,
'Neath currents, and the avenues
Of Nereids fair, whose golden hues,
Wake all the sea-gods from their sleep.

And as when some full purpose strong
Moves through the briny blue along—
The brilliant fragments of the sea,
Which from its hand essay to flee,
Reflect, each from a smaller deep,
The self-same sun which seemed to sleep
In ocean's breast--so when life's waves
Lift till they break in single seas.
Each Cromwell, upborne into air,
Cries—"*By that God must mortals swear,*
Whose robe is stars and galaxies."

As when against black rock-made shores,
A wave in driven death-leap roars,
Its shattered empyrean holds
The Sun, whose golden chisel moulds
The white Immortelles on the shore—
The soul, from human life thus dashed,
Becomes a sea—while rocks are lashed,
Reflecting God forever more.

As in the unconscious ocean deep,
The unconscious day-god seems to sleep,
So in the conscious race there shines
The conscious life-god naught confines.
And purpose strong or thought profound
Can only make a myriad suns,
As onward thus the life-plan runs,
And waves and spray its music sound.

SERMON VI.

The Greatness of a Man, the Greatness of God in Him.

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.—Ephesians IV, 13.

For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell.—Colossians I, 19.

For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.—Colossians II, 19.

And of His fullness have we all received.—John I, 16.

To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, (in order) that ye might be filled with the fullness of God.—Ephesians III, 19.

Now, if I have read these passages aright, and you have thought to look into their logical relations, each to each, we have come together, by means of some of the deepest sayings of which any literature knows, to the idea, that all true greatness,—such as I have been trying to talk about for some time—all the greatness of a man worthy of the name, is the greatness of God in him. The cup must be filled that we may know what it can hold. The finite must be overflowed with the infinite, that we may see its full capacity. A man must be filled, until he overflows, that we may know the largeness of his ability. Nothing but the Infinite God can fill him. And once having been enlarged to his truest proportions, *he discovers himself*, while he discovers how much of the Divine presence he contains, how much of the Almighty, this, which seemed to be the all-weak, may entertain, when its collapsed sides,

and its as yet unstretched dome and foundations have yielded to the advent of God through Jesus Christ.

Will you hear these passages again and again, as I try to show you their logical dependence? We will thus be able, I think, to see that our chiefest power is a united confederation of all our powers, into the ability we thus get *to entertain God, to take in what of the Infinite, we may contain*, and then, like the prism with the Sun which it receives, to give out through our personality, the light we have received, only changed by passing through our natures, as the clear light is changed by the prism through which it falls, into the seven rainbow hues. We will get, I hope, something more important than that—something which underlies all that, and gives it its significance. We will learn that the territory over which our mortal life may operate, is greater than we think, that the greatness of our relation to things and of the relation of things to us, lies in our own personal greatness, and that this greatness of self is reached when the God of the universe, who compasses the seeming opposites, and what we think are the contradictions of life in His infiniteness, enters into us and enlarges us until we are able to compass very many of them by our finiteness.

Three ideas unite and illustrate these passages. One is that the "perfect man" is identical with "the stature of the fullness of Christ." The second is that all those who through Jesus have found their true being and relationships, have received "of His fullness." And the third is that "His fullness" consisted in "the fullness of God in Him."

To the first and last of these ideas, Paul seems especially attracted. He is always intent on the idea that manhood under God was revealed in and by Jesus Christ. He talks about Him as more than we can be,

and yet, though the Godhead contemplated itself in Jesus Christ, and He is far above all Kings and priests, though He is Divine capability full of Deity, He has so submitted Himself into the laws which govern men, and He has so illustrated the presence of God in men, by showing the presence of God in Himself, that *He has discovered man to himself*, and made it clear that just as Jesus became Savior and Sanctifier to the world, by holding within Him the fullness of God, so every man shall attain his own greatness and power by holding in a less large nature, but with no less faithfulness, the same "fullness of God." Now John saw in Jesus the power of the second idea. He was the Word to John —the "*Word of God*" to men. Jesus was the Divine Presence, and more, the Divine presence showing man, by a real incarnation, something of his own nature and its possibilties, as well as something of the Divine nature and its nearness to men. Jesus, the Word—that is John's vision. He is the opinion God has of man at his best, and the illustrated expectation in the Divine mind concerning every human being. In this "Word," is the whole law of a man at his best, as the Word itself has embodied it. And the idea of that law is that a true man *is a law unto himself*. He becomes a law unto himself, by the submission of his whole nature to the idea and ideal of God concerning him. He must yield himself to the Infinite thought until his thought shall swell to its utmost capacity and bear the eternal idea. He must open his feeling to the Infinite feeling, until he shall find the power of his feeling bearing the emotion of God. He must let the Infinite Will enter into and enlarge his will unto the boundary of its power to bear the volitions of Jehovah. He must be filled with God to reach his own fullness. He must find his power by the in-rushing Deity. There and then he has touched

the largest manhood. The greatness of himself is the greatness of God in him. As the Infinite enspheres the opposites, so he gathers them into the sweep of his mortal life. As the God of the universe encloses, within the circle of His being, the contradictions, which rock a planet and shake the ages, so this citizen of time catches them in his fists of power and merges their force into the rising immortality within him. The Boundless has entered him and forced him to enter the boundless. It is the enlarged soul partaking of the nature of Him, whose entrance into it has discovered it to itself, and allied its progress with His eternal counsel and power.

To a single line of illustration, I want to call your attention, this morning, while I seek to make clear the value of these considerations, lying in these texts of scripture, to your life and mine. All true greatness of nature comes of the greatness of God in us. This is the suggestion of the words I have read, and to it I ask attention.

I think that there is no truer hint of the Infinity, the boundless greatness of God, than that which every man feels is contained, in the fact, that such seemingly adverse ideas, such palpably antagonistic conceptions are shadowed and lost in the greater conception of such a Being. What to a shallow logic, can be more absurd, than the attempt to harmonize ideas which are said to contradict one another! Take the idea of matter, and the idea of mind. They have worried each other through centuries of philosophy. They have worried each other, until we have seen one killed by the other in Schelling, and the other get the victory, in turn, in Vogt and Haeckel. So with many others which I might mention. They seem to be eternal opposites. They are fixed contradictories. We say: nothing can relate them to each other.

But strangely enough the idea of God sweeps these

finities into its infinite grasp, and they are lost to our sight in a conception, which spans and girds them, as the idea of nature spans and girds the night and the day. When we wake to consciousness, in the presence of the fact that there is an idea which takes in our contradictory *matter* and *mind*, we find that they never could have disposed, one of the other, without disposing each of itself. One could not say the other was not, without throwing a suspicion on its own existence. We are told that they are eternal opposites, and yet every philosophy that has builded itself on only one of them has fallen to peices. This is history. And I think we can see how it is. If you say there is no mind, you take away the possibility of there being any matter. To have matter, something must have created it. It could not have created itself. We rely on mind, because we have to. Thus, to take it away is to take matter away also. How is it with matter? We thought we could get along in our philosophy-making without it, but they have tumbled down. And now we see, as has been suggested, that "the murder of matter is the suicide of mind." For, to use the same authority, if I say that *I*, as a mind, am an object of knowledge, I must admit that I have transmuted myself into an idea, and I have the dream of a dream. It does seem that they "cannot be put asunder, without loss to both." There they stand, these seeming contradictories.

Here is a circle with a radius of one inch. One inch from the center is a point on that circle; an inch, in the opposite direction, is another point on the same circle. They are in precisely opposite directions from the same point. One is as far in one way, as the other is in the other. They seem to be contradictories. But a deeper thought sees that the same circle sweeps them in, and it is the greatness of its perfection, and the per-

fection of its greatness, which makes it able to relate those opposites, as point on the same circle.

A philosophy full of God sees the same, with regard to the idea of God, and the contradictories, matter and mind. Standing where we do now, they seem utterly adverse. Philosophy has tried to write her pages, at the center. If the idea of God in its fullness, the within and without Infinite, the immanent and transcendent Deity—if the circle were seen, we would see it run through eternities, and gather, at last, into its infinite sweep, *matter* and *mind*—points touched and held by the same line, separated only by the radius-length, which is the one-half of the idea of God, which alone a man can see, as he looks from the center, toward one and from the other.

And all this is of the perfection of God. It His infiniteness covering our finiteness with glory. It is hiding our points of darkness with "excess of light," and merging our incompleteness into the "fullness of God." So I think it is, with all these contradictories. They flee away from our souls, when the "fullness of God" comes. His nature embraces them all. His boundlessness enspheres the bounded. His completeness circles the incomplete, and though they do not mingle and lose their identity, our relative mountains and rivers, continents and lakes, lift their heads, and bare their bosoms in the absolute, in God. We have worried ourselves tired, over *freedom and fate*, *law and gospel*, *mercy and justice*. We have tried to reconcile adverse ideas of *Providence and liberty*, *Divine sovereignty and human free-agency*. We have helped ourselves to darkness. We made philosophies and theologies on *the righteousness of God* and *the sin of man*, or *the goodness of God* and *the sufferings of men*. And, now a reverent and divinely-impressed philosophy is whispering, in tones that shall

shake the world: These all are points within the circle; they are all within the Infinity; they are as much of the nature of God, as night and day are of the nature of the universe; let them remain as fixed as they seem to be, in larger thought than ours; a deeper logic than ours is here; we *can not* overturn them: *He does* include them; they prove His greatness, and are all touched with His glory.

And now, I come to use this method of thought with regard to man. You cannot think of the greatness of God, without thinking that He must include what seem to us as opposites and contraditions. And when a man is full of God, and thus comes to his own sublime power and life, he will ensphere, in the large activity of his powers and ideas, all those great facts and forces, which seem to less powerful and great souls and which shall ever be to spirits unenlarged by "the fullness of God" within them—eternal opposites, everlasting contradictions.

How these opposites in life do seem set for eternal antagonism! We have to be the battle-ground, and we take no little part in both sides. And how the contest worries us. And it will worry us forever, if we are not more than both sides. Oh, men and women, we must be more than battle-ground, more than the contesting forces. We must be peace-makers, by taking these seeming opposites into our life, made large by the "fullness of God" in us, and we must there make out of their spears, pruning-hooks. Every man and woman, who has lived consciously, knows the story. Every one who can remember, will bring to light the illustrations I seek. Ye who analyze the thought and purpose and feeling which make up your life, this morning, know the contradictions to which I refer. I cannot speak of many, and shall refer to no more than will

make clear to us what a truth lies in these texts I have read. I hope you may see, that, as God's greatness can be measured by the celestial distances it encompasses, so, that of any man is to be determined by the spiritual radii which the activity of his nature encircles; that nothing but the indwelling "fullness of God" can give a man his whole capacity to harmonize these seeming contradictions; and that thus his greatness is the greatness of God in him.

Who but feels in his life these contradictions which I have mentioned. You know how *freedom* and *fate* worry your life more than they do your thought. We want to do what we feel we may do, if we will, and yet we know that, as surely as we do it, we will not be so strong as we were before we did it. Besides, we know that the doing of it will not only limit our power, but it will set things against us. The laws of the world will press upon us as they did not before. We will not be so free as we were. We will be fated to bear our own self-imposed, freely taken weakness; and, besides, it is certain as fate, *it is fate*—we will have to feel the pressure of the law and its penalties.

A man wants a sleigh-ride. He exposes himself to the cold, needlessly, but freely. A cold comes, to settle on his lungs. He is in bed. He has become a slave of fate. He is fated to suffer. He sinned in freedom, he suffers in fate. He will have the fate of never being as strong a man as he might have been without that cold, and, another fate, he will have to bear the penalty of a broken law.

And so with all action. Freedom falls into fate through broken law. These laws are the safe-guards of the universe. They tend to make freest manhood. They are fated to make grandest liberty, if they are

obeyed. But they limit every man's freedom who disobeys them.

Where is the great man with this contradiction: *You must obey to be free?* Fate and freedom—whose circle sweeps them both into the life of liberty? Why, any man, "filled with the fullness of God," seizes them, and, seeking the best out-come of himself, obeys without feeling like disobeying—does it freely; wants to do it—obeys with all his might, because he loves to do it; and makes himself a free man. Such a man is great. He has grappled law and wedded it to pleasure. He has introduced obedience to love and established an eternal friendship. He has swept freedom and fate within the bounds of one vast curve, and standing, not as a barrier of stone but as a lens between them, through him, they recognize one another. He wants to do just what God wants him to do, and he thus adds the omnipotence of God to his free power. He wants to do those things to which the whole universe is set in friendly harmony, and his life takes in this rush of universal energies. Such is his greatness. Such is the "fullness" of a man who possesses the "fullness of God."

And so a man filled with "the fullness of God," will somehow get God's intention, lying latent in what comes to him, and will gain more greatness by being great through the greatness of God in him. He will see that what is a contradiction between the *goodness of God, and human suffering* is only a deeper relation which binds them together, as beneath the ocean, Europe runs into America. He will see the burden of meaning in all his trouble, and his growing and refined manhood will harmonize these opposites. He will think of the *Divine mercy* and the *Divine justice* as closely related, when he sees how merciful it is to his entire manhood to

give justice to one vicious desire; and that it must be that He is unmerciful to the race, when He is not just enough to limit the power of human beings, who wrong the world when they wrong themselves. All these, and a thousand more of the opposites, a man, whose finiteness is filled to fullness with God's infiniteness, will find reconciled in the deeper thought of his deeper life. Let us look at three contradictions which I think more than all other perplex us.

I. The contradiction between the Practical and the Ideal.

This every soul has felt. Greater than all other differences between two men is that between a man tremendously practical, and a man ethereally ideal. One will talk solid business, the other the most unsubstantial philosophy. One believes in *do*, the other in *dream*. One says "here," the other "there." One talks statistics, the other hums verses. One believes in the earth, the other in the sky. One reads market reports, advertisements, and figures of public debt, tax-receipts, deeds and notes; the other reads the poetry, love stories, and old letters, fancy sketches, and the latest speculation about the nature of the soul. One lives in the concrete, the other in the abstract. Both are incomplete. Added together, well shaken, the liquid lives of both might fill one soul with a full life.

And we feel all this in ourselves. Sometimes our practical side begins. We inquire after the health of the cattle and pigs, are anxious concerning the crops, stop the councilman of our ward and get the official vote, canvass for a ditch, worry about the expenses of the church, tell the children that the old books will do, think Thanksgiving day and Christmas are wasted or nearly so, and say that the "dreamers" are running off with the world. Then the ideal comes. We think of

eternal heights, the fathomless blue, are anxious about these longings for the world to come, believe in soul, doubt the reality of what we see, think this is a bad, earthy, worldly world, and fix our eyes dreamingly on the world to come, while this cries for us to look at her.

Well, we are not at our best in either case. When we live this half life, the whole thing is a contradiction. And how it worries us! We long for the holy, and think that we must not be cheerful that day. We dream of the unseen, and the house is in disorder, and our stores are in confusion. We pant for the life to come, and the life that now is has frightfully big accounts against us. And then, sometimes, we try both. How mechanically we bring the practical and ideal together! We act as if we expected trouble, and it generally comes. All that unceasing humdrum of life scares, as we think, the ideal away; and the dirty-faced children, and unboxed goods that were promised a week ago, with the weeds in the fence corners, and the mowing machine covered with snow—all these stand to say, that there is no ideal, or, if there is, here is no place for it. We would like to be consistent. We know that we ought to live a complete earthly life, and a complete heaven-ward life, but we cannot see how they may be reconciled. This gets into our religion, and makes the war between *works* and *faith*. We *do* one day, we *believe* the next. Then it gets into other corners of our life, until we feel that this contest is getting to be a little too much.

And it is. It is too much for you, my brother, if you are not yourself yet. Fill a balloon with air, and its sides hold more than you could imagine. Open your soul to the "fullness of God," and there will come the full man. You will find your collapsed sides and unstretched dome, and foundations, all filled to their limit,

enlarged beyond your ideal, and the zenith of your newly found manhood will look down on your *practical*, as the sun on a glittering drop of dew. Life in God through God's life in us, is the solution of the old discord you have been feeling. It was your unfilled self, that could not encompass the practical and the ideal. You have thought, that *what is* and *what ought to be*, were eternal opposites, but with your fullness of manhood, you will see them related to each other. Over the earth is the sky. Over the practical is the ideal. The fullness of manhood through the fullness of Godhood within it, is over them both, and mingles them both in the busy life of an imperishable soul in a perishable world.

As God, the Infinite, encompasses matter and mind, he who has found his greatness by finding himself filled with God, will encompass, in life, the practical and the ideal. What he would love to accomplish, and what only seems possible for him to accomplish, will be grasped in the best accomplishment and achievement he can make under the circumstances. The practical and ideal shall coinhere. What only he believed could be done, and what he knows ought to be done, will merge together, into his doing the best he can where he is. The practical and ideal shall flow together. What he dreamed he may not do, but he shall do more than he would, if he had not dreamed at all. The ideal shall lift up and touch with glory the practical. All of what he shall dream, he may not be able to catch and crystalize into a deed, but he shall not lose it all. He shall domesticate and make valuable his ideal.

How, in the great souls, the practical and ideal do touch and influence each other! Nothing seems so grand about the life of Jesus, as this ensphering of the ideal and practical within its mighty curve. Think of ideals that were inclusive of the destinies of a race of the sons

of God—ideals which outran the eternities, and builded their gigantic structures beyond the reach of the sounds of discord, ideals shivering with holy light, and glorious with the foregleams of eternal life—and then think of that man of Nazareth, going about from place to place, healing the sick, and helping the lowly—oh, He is the most practical, and withal, the most ideal man the world has ever seen. And that sublime union of the practical and ideal, within that life, came from the same fact which shall give you the power to wed your practical to your ideal. "In Him," says the Apostle, "dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

II. The contradiction between the Emotional and Intellectual.

Quite as deep seated is this old feud. And who remembers his past, or analyzes his present life, but knows of its whole history within him. It frets us that they are so unlike. There is joy. Now we would be joyful and happy. We would laugh and sing. We would enjoy life at its full. We feel that there is much to enjoy—all the gladness, mirth and cheer of the children's enjoyment, all the fun and laughable experiences of our own way, all the incongruities and strangely ludicrous phases of living. But one day, there rises up before us the awful seriousness of life, and we stop ourselves and tell the children to take their plays and games to their hiding places. We never seemed impressed before with the almost terrible greatness of the forces with which we have to do, and wonder why we ever yielded to mere pleasure. "Hereafter," we say, "life shall be serious." We are suddenly changed; the face which beamed with pleasure, now is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The features, which were so strangely capable of expressing greatest hilarity, grow solid and stationary with seriousness and calm.

We are done with the emotional, entirely, and propose respect to the intellectual alone.

But there are deeper divergencies than this—divergencies of the same sets of faculties. We wake up some day, in the presence of a very grave friend. We have been mild and gentle. He strikes us as a great and good man. We immediately forget that he may be as disquieted with regard to himself, as we are with regard to ourselves, and say: Now we will be dignified and grave. Life is dignity itself. Let these emotions go, we say, they interfere with our thought. They clog our ideas, and intellect must rule us. We have been too mild and gentle. Children like us, but men, such as this dignified gentleman, make us cower before them. We must live rationally, not emotionally. What a pity we have wasted so much time in being gentle with our kind, and mild with all men: It is sick and soft. We are disgusted, and say: "Now we will be dignified." Well, the man we have met says: "Look at these people; they are kind, tender, loving; they are gentle, placid, mild; I am cold, stiff, formal. I am disgusted at my way. I have never been a full man. I am going to adopt that way. It is a shame that I have lost my emotion in my thought—a deep loss, that of my heart in my head, my feeling in my intellect. I will, from henceforth, be what they are." So these half-people exchange natures and unintentionally cheat each other.

Again. Here is a man who has been taking real joy in living and doing, in this world, who now sits down to think it all over. He has come to the conclusion that it was unmanly—all this feeling of joy he has had, all this bright love he cherishes for the past and the present, all this glowing emotion through which he looks into the future. He wants to be more philo-

sophic and religious. And then he tries to intellectualize it all away. Nothing is left of the old joy. His family do not understand him, and they divide their wonder with him and another neighbor who has suddenly become a joyous happy man.

This neighbor has come to the conclusion that this thought will ruin him. He has headaches. He has tried to run life on thought. He has read philosophies and quoted long sentences from the dead languages. He has confined his religion to commentaries, and has discouraged all this, which he calls sentimentalism, in life. Now, he believes, there is nothing else. Why, he thinks, there is nothing like enjoying life. He says: "These headaches and this thoughtful, philosophic way is wrong. There is nothing more irrational than the "rational life" I have been talking about. "I want no more calm, he says— no more intellectual calm, I want feeling and nothing else."

There is another exchange of sides with no gain to either.

And so the emotional and the intellectual worry us with the seeming contradictoriness of their claims. Passion and self-control, what a couple of champions! You might as well mention Grant and Lee. And yet when the nature is full of holy patriotism, real love of this universal country, they shall be one, with each other, as Grant and Lee had been one, if truest patriotism had been allowed to speak. Passion and self-control, the emotional and intellectual—how we see them antagonize. One day our life is a tempest; the next, and we are a dead sea. One day our ship seems all filled with power, the sails are tugging away at the masts, the white wings, caught by the gale, bear us along with an awful rush, until, dashing against a rock, broken into a thousand fragments, we lie on the waves and

down beneath the great deep, to be thrown here and there by the currents of the sea. The day before, we sat all day on a still sea and got nowhere. We thought about the coast and the route. But there we sat, all day long, and moved not. That was a day of self-control, absolute and total. The day of the wreck was a day of passion, absolute and total. What shall we do, we cry, with these conflicting elements?

And then there is *love*. It is the best that the emotional side of us has, but the intellectual grins its scorn at *love*. How many stories the intellectual could tell about the emotional, on the subject of love! They love to taunt each other. They never can be harmonized, we think. It is all sentimentalism to the intellect and then the emotions say: that is a cold life you live. "Who ever saw a man think when love, pure, holy, and invincible love came to him?" "Who ever heard a man quote philosophy when he wooed his mate." "Who ever knew of a dignified, grave, calm proposal when life's issues lay before two human beings?" All these questions, I have heard an intellectual man ask of an emotional spirit, who only said in reply; "the emotional and the intellectual are contradictory." We think so in religion. We do not want to hear of the great Thinker of the universe in the same breath with "God, who is Love." They will not coinhere. We do not want to allow our feelings any liberty, if we are to discuss theology, and we do not want to allow our thoughts any liberty, if we are at the camp-meeting. We know that they antagonize each other in us. Some days we admire God to please our intellectual nature and then we dare to love Him to satisfy our emotional nature.

And then the tears, how foolish they seem when we think about them! We turn stoic on them, and dry

them up. They are so sily, unmanly, and we feel so foolish, when our eyes are filled with them. We try to sympathize and the intellect says, "it is enough to perceive that something ought to be done." Then we weep, that we cannot do it, and thus the opposition of the Emotional and Intellectual in us goes on.

Have I gone so far, and have you not seen that, if no other, there is One whose nature and life encompassed them both, and made of the fusion of them both in the forces of His Will, the grandest manhood of which the eternity has ever known? Of course, we have only a few touches of the life He lived, but what have come to us prove, that His nature ensphered the whole, and within that mighty curve, the greatest ideas, and the profoundest feelings found themselves harmonized and made beautiful. We hear Him issue thoughts that shall bury old Rome and Ceasar forever, and see Him as sensitive to all that came to Him as a child. He girds the future with His idea, and weeps at the grave of Lazarus. He announces the intuitions of God, and reports the experience of His soul, as the sky falls through its thought. He bears the flower of the phillosophies, and feels the woman's finger on the hem of His garment. He organizes Christendom, and is hungry. He is transfigured and tempted. He opens the thought of eternal life, and yet feels the love of the life which now is. He thought for the coming kingdoms of the soul, He felt for the deaf man, the son of the nobleman, the sinking Peter; and the emotional in Jesus calmed the intellectual in Thomas, when the doubter felt what he could not have thought. He said, "I and the Father are one"—sublime thought; and "my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me"—sublime feeling. He put into the universe, the idea and ideal of Jehovah, and said to Mary; "Woman! behold thy son." He is

upborne by the eternal, and wounded by a sneer. He looked such light from the intellectual into the world as that it flew into an orbit nearer heaven, and He flashed such tenderness from the emotional, into Peter, that "he wept bitterly." In the flood of that emotional life, all glorified with the radiance of the intellectual life, within Jesus Christ, the world, which is now, heard an announcement, running far into the destiny of the world which is to be: "*It is finished.*" And all the great souls who help the world by public lives or private heroism—all the grand natures, who have blessed their kind on public Calvaries, or in a private home, with some John leaning on their breasts—all the human beings, who have realized their own best manhood, have encompassed the tenderest sympathies and the most solid ideas, the deepest feelings and the highest thought, and the rockiest shores of proud intellect have been washed into brightness with the foaming seas of deep-voiced emotion. God, who holds the universe in the hollow of His one hand of thought, covers it tenderly with His other hand of feeling. "Filled with the fullness of God," how can it be that a man shall find any contradiction between these great forces of his soul! He will recognize no opposition. He will make his laughter thoughtful, and his thought will be joyful. He will find a healthful head, when his heart's blood courses freely in this dome of the ideal. He will mingle the richest emotion with the greatest vision, and the eye which looks out from a snow-crowned Alp, into Switzerland, will always twinkle with a tear, at the sublime landscape. Life is no less serious because happy. It may be a rational happiness, because it is seriously great. It is not the magnificence of its seriousness, but the seriousness of its magnificence, that makes one feel that it is a sublime joy to live. All true dignity is the spontane-

ous respect one feels for himself, because his gentleness has discovered in all men, the hope of a race, in which his personal hope may flower and reach its fruit. And all true feeling is conditioned on the feeling, that it is not mockery to enjoy what is, because out of our relation to what is, we may establish a relation, sublime and dignified, to what is to come. A life without feeling, and a life with thought, are only half-lives; nay, not so much as that, for until they come together, they accomplish nothing. It is like two letters, when they are apart, they are no word at all, but bring them together and they symbolize a thought.

All the life we live needs this alliance. We need to see that passion is "the gale," and reason "the chart," which, brought into active relationship, each with each, shall send a cargo of possibilities into the great port. No man is valuable without passion. He is an engine without steam. No man is a force for good, without self-control. He is an engine with steam, shrieking and seething for direction and outlet, and will be shattered into atoms. Passion moves, self-control guards and guides. Passion drives the wheels of our life, self-control steers the life that now is into that which is to come. To be great is to enclose them in the same life.

Let the Infinite enter you and enlarge you, and you will see how these contradictions will grow less important. When a man has really found himself, and his life, he sees that all real love has taken in his whole nature. He has thought more rapidly than he supposed. The heart has surged up to the head and taken it by its warm red life. It is a sentiment, which, like a sunbeam, opened his budding idea. It is the whole nature under the leadership of the affection. So in our religion. When a man touches the height and horizons of his possible religious life, he finds that the Infi-

nite thought is the Infinite feeling, and that the highest conclusion to which his intellect can reach, is the old feeling of his emotions: "God is Love." He will go into all his life, and find that his power lies in his being a unit, and that what he thought was cold and dead only needed warming into life, that what he thought was hot-blooded, only needed control; and moreover, right here in himself—which he has just now found, because God has just come into him, and enlarged him to his full greatness—right in his own soul, he has the forces, which, put into harmony, become one strong nature which "is a law unto itself."

III. The contradiction between selfhood and self-denial.

We do believe we ought to respect ourselves. We say, "charity begins at home." We quote verses to assure ourselves that a man who does not have any respect for himself cannot get it from others, and, besides, he will not be so much of a power with his fellows, if he does not regard himself with care. These we all believe, and we rather like to run our life on that theory. It is easier, and we love to pile up what we may see, and call it ours.

And then, we look into the world, and find out that that will not do. We have had a kindly and pleasant feeling when we gave something away. Besides "on general principles," as we say, we think it would do us good to deny ourselves, now and then. And now, keeping out of ourselves and going into the world, we see that what was true within us harmonizes perfectly with what we see without. The world wants just what we would have to give, if we lived as our souls suggest, when we feel good in giving, and know we are better than we were, if we had taken and not given. The necessities of life cry for just what we ought to give.

Why, the contradiction has almost gone, already! Yea, and a man is nearly full of God when he gets large enough to hear the world say: Give: and his own soul say: "I am stronger, when I give." Self-regard is self-denial. The truest individuality is humanity, and the richest personal life is the life which diffuses its own spirit to the larger life of a race. All grand personal hope is universal hope. It becomes universal as it gets to be personal. When God enters with "fullness" and our whole narrow manhood is swelled into its full power and influence, then we see that all progress enters into our own, all developing rushes into our development, all hope cherishes, helps and enlarges our hope. "Unity of aim and ideal,"—oh! what watches some of us keep over it; we think that means our single, solitary life. But once filled with God, our whole vision is enlarged—the unity remains, the ideal is more clear, but our aims and hope have universal relations, and we do not sing: save me, if the heavens fall, but we sing: I will try to save all, and in trying, save myself. By and by, when God comes into us, in "His fullness," we will know that great self-consciousness always has a consciousness within it that others exist. When a man feels his own right, he feels the rights of others, and his selfhood and sacrifice become related as a destination and the route thereto.

It was the "fullness of God," coming into him, which has made every reformer conscious of himself and great to his race. It is the "fullness of God," which, rushing into his soul, has given every lover of his race his fullness of power to himself, and his fullness of power to the children of men. It is "the fullness of God" which made Calvary, and in the same way makes our selfhood and sacrifice, our self-regard and self-denial, beautiful and true; and opens out from homes of

poverty, places of business, desks of offices and the furrows of the plow, the enlargements of which we shall be capable, the new contradictions we shall be able to harmonize, in the eternities to come.

And so, this is the genesis of greatness. The fullness of a man is the "fullness of God" in him. The greatest manhood is the greatest presence of the Godhood. This is the true Enthusiasm. It is the "*En Theos*," the God within; the effluence of the Eternal gives the effluence of the temporal; the influence of God into a man gives the influence of the man into the world. Such enthusiasm as this, what a strong manhood it gives! Here is the strength of completeness, the power of a self-conscious unity. This power sweeps past all the test which can be made; a power is to be measured not by its influence any where, but every where—and appeals to eternity, for the laurels of victory which it wins in time. Such enthusiasm as this, how small, by its side, seem the blind gales of earnestness we find among men! This is *Enthusiasm*; this is all that the word means: *the God within.* It is human capacity, overflowing with Divine fullness. A man is like a cup seeking to contain the sea. Yet only as he overflows, does he get visions of his power, in the fact that he holds so much of God. His thought is full of God's thought and he seizes the Divine energies to wed them to his power. As with the intellect so with all other domains which are filled with the "fullness of God." God filled the merest cranny of the nature of Edison, with His own idea of electricity. After weary years, he announces the accession of new freedom, by way of new power, to the world, and to-day, your gas stock has fallen. Now if the getting of this, which lay in Divine idea of electricity can so move the world, what shall we say of that greatness which it is the privilege of every human being to

possess; what shall we say of a whole human nature, filled to its own fullness with all it can contain of the fullness of God! What grander electricities there are to discover, what spiritual force yet to unfold! What right, what love, what joy, what hope, what manhood —oh what over-coming, divine, and noble manhood is yet to come! Oh eternal Fullness, come! come and fill us with "the fullness of God."

Shall We Change the Basis of our Liberties?

HYMN.

(Ware]

Beyond the stars, beyond our sight,
Rise, broad and high, the gates of right,
Which open wide that holy Truth
May send forth Freedom, bright with youth.

Sent to the earth, to flash on slaves
Such splendid light, as breaks and laves
Against the throne-seat, up on high,
—She calls unto humanity,

No chains she breaks but free the soul;
She bids the burdened music roll
In anthems rich, and deep, and strong;
—Of largest manhood, this the song.

The truth of yonder plodding man,
Which in him only Christ could scan,
—His sonship of Infinity—
That breaks his fetters, makes him free.

The wrong bows down before the right;
The murky darkness breaks with light;
The chains grow weak, and small the band,
When cometh the Eternal Hand.

God of our liberty and law,
Us to thy mighty bosom draw;
Upgazing from our broken chains,
We shout and sing! *Jehovah reigns!*

SERMON VII.

Shall We Change the Basis of our Liberties?

"Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you Free."

"Cradle of Liberty?" "Cradle of Liberty?" cried *Louis Kossuth*, "that sounds too much like old age. Cradle of Liberty? that savors too much of mortality. It sounds as though Liberty would some day grow old and die. Whereas, Liberty hath immortal youth and is as eternal as the Throne of God."

Besides, Kossuth might have hinted that the State of Massachusetts, much less one small building, standing however significantly and memorially upon her coast—that Fanueil Hall, in a land not yet five centuries high in the heavens of authentic history, that any hall, or any land beneath the arch of blue, that any thing, save the spirit of man, child of eternity and Son of God, is far too weak and inorganic to bear up such a magnificent burden—that, in fact, nothing but the human soul conceived—that, in fact, nothing but the wide, wide world of men cherished and protected, what was, and is, and shall be for all men whose worth and heroism become eyes to behold it—LIBERTY!

In the strong sentiment of Kossuth, I discover a feeling as broad as the race. He is the apostle of an idea which, in one shape or another, has attacked tyranny and disrobed it of its power; which has brought the thrones of the world so near to the people that they might touch them and know that they were the pillars thereof

or has annihilated them; an idea which has made *empire* a word in which the struggling aspirations of all noble men have found a retreat—an idea which has proposed and established every *Magna Charta*, every *Emancipation Proclamation*, and every ladder, like that of Luther's, whose ninety-five steps shot up through infinite azure until it pierced the skies and leaned against the throne. More: An idea which to day proposes, though it take numberless ages to do it—to establish the freedom of every soul beneath the stars—to disenthrall every bondman on either side of the seas—to unchain every captor about whom ignorance, wrong, prejudice, or vice has woven a shred of slavery—to unlock every faculty, to open the door to every gift and capacity; to touch him who was made in the image of God; personal, free, infinite, and King of Kings—to touch him and lift him, as well, into the aristocracy of the universe — the royal family of heaven.

Men and Women: *Such is the scheme of Liberty.* I hear to-day a single *hoarse objection:*

I understand that this existence, God, whose being I have incidentally mentioned, is grown too inefficient for these times of such splendid learning; that God is away behind the age; that to all intents and purposes, He is not; that indeed, by all considerations demanding concern, is He superannuated, and that such sentiments as I have indulged in are only the groan of the middle ages through my ignorant teeth, and that Reason is King of Kings and God of Gods.

I am told that the Bible, a book which has much to do with the literature and life of men, by any confession — that the Bible is the most dangerous enemy of progress; the arch-foe of civilization; the eternal stumbling-block before the angel of the future. I am informed, most haughtily, that it has hung above the race

as a cloud thrown across the glory of the sun; that it is filled with passages, monstrous, unjust and horrible; that it is filled also with ignorance, and that ignorance is the only slavery; that every abuse has been embalmed by scripture; that every outrage is a partnership with some holy text. I am dogmatically informed that there is no harmony between the Bible and Liberty; no more harmony than between the innocent lamb of the pastures and the fierce monarch of the clouds; that the Bible is the eternal enemy of civil liberty; the invincible foe of the freedom of man.

What then in truth's glorious name do I here to talk about freedom? Under what possible guise is the appearance on this platform? How can one who believes in the Bible, dare to venture an expression upon such a subject as LIBERTY? I know to some it may seem strange.

It is no stranger, however, than that such totally absurd and false notions of scripture should have taken possession of the world.

It is no more remarkable than that such amazingly inconsistent ideas of Liberty and Progress should have been indulged by any human being.

It is, finally, no more wonderful than that those who profess so lustily to liberality of thought, largeness of horizon and humanity of aim, should so confound that sublime being, Jesus Christ, with those, who, by sin, weakness and hypocrisy, have brought disgrace upon His grandest utterances, as to be totally incapable of seeing, high in the resplendent heavens, wrought by the fingers of God, and gleaming with flooded radiance, the words of Christ, growing bolder and bolder as the ages flit away, which for eighteen hundred years have rallied the legions of the brave, the good and the true, and are leading them to day toward that height of

vision, where, like Him who uttered them, those who follow shall see humanity ascend, gaze into the skies and be transfigured.

I am here to-day because the church has made a most awful mistake in its defense of ecclesiastical wrong, and we can afford to handle the fact with ungloved hands.

I am here to-day because what so brazenly and yet so stupidly calls itself *liberalism*, and *tolerance* is advertising itself as the prince of physicians, while history shows it to be the most notorious of quacks; because whatever the mistakes of others, infidelity is, in our age, from platforms such as this, retailing what is gorgeous *ignorance* or fiercest and blackest *malice*, because he who states it, that the Christianity taught by Jesus, and held up before the centuries by the New Testament, is inimical to civil and religious liberty, or the foe to the grandest and most growing freedom, has either set the seal of stupendous ignorance full and fair upon his forehead or has loaned his name, his character, his whole manhood to a malignant falsehood.

We are getting so Christian that we are able to call things by their right names. We are so full of light, now, that the deeds of darkness are condemned, and we see that the most ridiculous thing in this age, is a man "tearing a passion to tatters" about "the nineteenth century," and sneering at Christianity, when all that makes the nineteenth century better than most of the past, is the radiance of Christianity which in spite of the bigotry of theologians, and the wickedness of infidelity, has stolen into our darkness and prophesied of morning. A man standing in this age and ridiculing Christianity while he recites the horrors of the past, is like a man, half blind, who ridicules the sun for showing him his wife.

As we appreciate Jesus, more and more, we have more and more pity for infidels who sneer at His ideas, and more and more contempt for popular commentators who caricature him.

Standing in this light we can talk plainly, and if to-day my audience has gained the secret of looking at things—that is, if my audience is brave enough to take the words of Jesus and the life of Jesus, which life the world of skeptics and the world of Christians vie in admiring, and to compare the literature which comes of the darkest time and the men who live in the darkest time, with these, Christ's words and life, the soul and spirit of Christianity, we can successfully proceed.

What about the Old Testament? Do you leave that out of the discussion? YES. It is not left out because of the fact that it never claimed to be inspired, that even if it had been claimed as an inspired book by the Jews, their word would not go far with us; that even if Isaiah and Ezekiel and Moses were called inspired men, the fact that the same persons who claim it, claim also that Jesus was not inspired, and put him to death, that it is not, through and through, good history nor good morality—it is not left out because of any of these facts, but in a discussion concerning the relation of Christianity to liberty, it is left out because it has but little to do with it, because in spite of the fact that preachers do not practice it, they still claim to believe it—that the old dispensation has gone forever; that a new dispensation has come. It is left out because, if the Old Testament had been perfect, we would not have had any new one; because to saddle upon Christianity the burden of Judaism—dead and buried long ago, even though there is much of truth, much of poetry, much of piety in it, is to insult reason and to baffle all respect to Jesus and the God who gave Him to man.

I may say, right here, that I think Moses was a grander, a better, a more talented, a broader and a more truthful man for his age, than Mr. Ingersoll is for his; and that not only have the lovers of Jesus no interest in the mistakes of Moses, but that the discussion has about as much relation to the true problem of to-day, as the administration of James Buchanan had to the question blazing above the clouds of Lookout, and ringing in the thunder-song of that battle in Mobile Bay.

One course is open to us, and one only. It would not be fair to reach our fingers into the history of Spain or another country, and take out a piece of human life which suits us, and by taking out pieces of other history, the world over, so hitch them together that a picture, just such as our prejudice desired, is formed. This has been done, and you have applauded, bought the books, and some have thought, it may be, that that ended the controversy. You applauded sophistry, you bought nonsense, and the question was never treated more unfairly. I need not show an audience to whom such things are even disgusting, the fallacy. We all know that this mode is unfair.

Again, it would not be possible for one man to recount in the time we shall use to-day, the history of the world. It would be fair to treat the inquiry in this way, but it would be impossible.

What can we do?

If we are free, we can be tolerant. If we are tolerant, we can take the test which infidelity offers so boldly, and urges upon our consideration so eloquently.

We can hear the Prince of her platform orators saying, that "during that period known as the Dark Ages, Faith reigned without a rebellious subject; that such faith as this is Christian, and is all that we can expect of the Christian world; that it builded cathedrals for

God, and dungeons for men." Others make the assertion. We are thus informed that the great historical argument of Infidelity is the testimony of that period.

To attack the premises and the logic of this will be possible and fair. It will, also, be all that infidelity can ask.

Now, I want you to remember, that this is by the confession of skeptics, the heaviest argument against the assertion of Christians that Jesus was the *Herald of Liberty*, as well as the *Apostle*. I want you to know that since infidelity focalizes her strength here, and sends out her challenge in bugle blasts of stormy eloquence, that as this is the chosen ground of their forces, if any thing like victory should perch upon the banner of her opponents, all honor demands silence hereafter; that if the forces of infidelity are not valiant on their own self-confessed and chosen territory, they are strong nowhere; that if they can not succeed in hiding behind the Dark Ages, much less can they succeed in hiding behind the years which have been filled with light.

Let us, therefore, thoroughly understand each other, that our discovery and the path to it may be mutual. I am here to-day to defend neither Catholic nor Protestant. I am here to-day to advocate neither the claims of the Orthodox or the Heretic. I am here neither to flatter nor to insult any soul who believes in itself, who respects the universe, and who loves man. I am here simply to assert, and if possible to prove the assertion, that while Infidelity points to certain ages in history as a proof that the religion of Jesus is the friend of intolerance, the ally of slavery, and the obstacle to the progress of the race—the truth is, that, instead, the religion of the Christ has shone like the moon at midnight, revealing to the worlds the horror of the crimes of the Catholic, the outrage of infamies com-

mitted by the Protestant, that with floods of ceaseless radiance gleaming from the blood-sprinkled sword, and persuasively touching the corpses of the fallen with glory, the system which Jesus put into the skies of the human soul has all along been giving its baptism of light, and that it is only with this holy effulgence of which we catch to-day, that portion to which we open our eyes, that we are able to see that it is time to hear a voice we have so long neglected, only in that overflowing glory that we are able to so translate into our life, the inexpressible pathos which comes from faces scarred with fire, the unutterable woe which comes from eyes shrivelled by flame, the god-like heroism which gushes through the chattering teeth of men, wild with agony, as that we swear by Him who "watches o'er their clay" our everlasting hatred of that spirit which under any name, or by any means, shall dare to touch those fires again.

With a perfect freedom, such as is warrantable in any soul who trusts the revelations which God has made in man, in scripture, and in history; with a freedom which has more regard to present-day scholarship than to the vague and formulated ignorance of self-confessed human beings; believing with Paul that even he and his honest comrades knew only in part, believing that the dictate of calm and accurate learning is more powerful than discrepancies and contradictions, with such freedom as fears not, let us think together.

With a freedom that admits with Sir Wm. Hamilton, that

"Church history has not been written as alone Church history ought to be;" that we have been too anxious to preserve the size, and not the quality of our Saint's calendar; that many a name we are accustomed to quote loved orthodoxy more than truth; and that the time

now is, as it always was, for a thoroughly scientific treatment of the personages with which the progress of the Church seems to be allied.

With a freedom which grows sick and tired of mere denial, that asks for something better than a *not*, with a freedom unspairing in its disgust, and swift to condemn what is the glow of self-conceit and the arrogance of an ignorant hate, with a freedom which sees all the facts, let us enter into our task.

The Dark Ages succeeded the dissolution of Western Rome. When that Empire's head struck the ground, the "blackness of darkness forever" seemed to come. At the time of Theodosius, popular education had died out, and the College of Thirty Professors which he gave to Rome, was only the wave of the hand as popular intelligence went down into the valley of death. Vice, crime and misery were the masters of the situation. With Diocletian, came rebellion, invasion, barbarity, and finally a division of the Empire. Division could not heal the rotten heart; division could not restore the virtue of grand old Rome. She had sunk in the foreign elements which came to her. As I see her, far back in the past, to-day, and looking from this free platform, across the centuries, as I hear her shriek the grandest cry which ever saluted unfriendly stars, as I see and hear her going down, *down*, DOWN in the elements which cleave to her, and refuse to be assimilated into her — as I behold her engulfed by the thousands which live in Rome, and yet are not Romans—as I listen to the death-gurgle of that most magnificent of empires, while she sinks, under her eagles and in sight of her temples—in the general mass of humanity, the Spaniard, the Briton, the Gaul, the Egyptian, the Moor, the Syrian, the Goth, the Hun, the Vandal—as I behold that mistress of nations eaten up by her

adopted children, who never learned to call her mother, I can but turn from her gods to ours, and ask for guidance for this Nation. I can but see that though the flag of the free floats above us, and instead of the eagles of Rome we have the bird of our American sky, that though this land says *come* to the oppressed and weary of every zone and latitude, unless we make every foot that touches our coast one more foot to march in harmony with the music of this republic—unless every man who seeks protection under that flag shall learn to love it as his flag—unless every foreign element shall be so assimilated into and lost within the great national life that it has one breath, and one thought—unless every drop of blood shall be lost in the great veins of a government of the people, and for the people, and by the people—so lost that there shall be one heart-throb sending the luxury of life from sea to sea, and from the tall pines of Maine to the orange groves of Florida—unless, Freemen and Americans, there shall be one Union, one Republic, one Flag, one Government, binding all hearts, and protecting all—you will meet the antiquary musing over the ruins of the Capitol, the poet finding material for his tearful song in a broken Bunker's Hill monument, and in spite of Valley Forge, and Yorktown, Detroit and Tippecanoe, Fair Oaks and Chicamauga, there shall be written the doom of Liberty, the death-warrant of Free Government!

Rome's legions of brave warriors could not resist the pressure of foreign elements and the descendants of Washington and Lincoln can not do it. Every man who touches the ballot-box in this land, must vote for America, not for Ireland. Every man who touches the flag, must touch it with the feeling of a citizen of America, and not as though he had ever seen a king. Let a man put his kings on the ship which returns to the

old world, when he reaches this soil. Let every thing here, be *American.* If you want the Pope to rule you, go where he can. I tell you on the honor of fifty millions of people, by the memories which sweep into my soul as I think of that rule from the Vatican, extending a sceptre of fire and blood over other lands—I tell you, in the name of the souls which this land has given up to God for religious liberty, in the name of Plymouth Rock, in the name of everything we love and cherish—the Pope can not seize Freedom by the throat within her home, until America is no more; he can never rule in this land until every drop of its native blood is cold and dead. We welcome every body. We welcome them that we may free them. We do not want to buy their chains, nor do we want them to give their chains to us. We welcome every body. We welcome the Americanism which brought you here and we propose that it shall be the leaven in the meal. It is not the China in the *Chinaman* that we seek, but the *man.* It is not what people are when they come to us, that makes us believe in Foreign Immigration, but it is what freedom and popular government can make out of them, that charms us and upon which is founded the as yet successful experiment of the American Republic.

The Dark Ages came when the mistress of nations allowed not only a confusion of tongues but a confusion of aims and of ideals, and Rome went down where any other nation will go down—in the fatal mistake of confounding *license* with *liberty*, and of forgetting that no man is worthy of the protection of a flag, who does not yield to it his highest love and obedience.

Right here, let us pay due respect to a late accusation against Christianity. We are told, in pompous fashion, that Christianity is responsible for the fall of Rome;

that there this new religion began her dreadful career of opposition to all civilizing influences; that when the grandest and fairest of ancient empires fell, one sad cry went to the skies, to commemorate the wanton destructiveness of these new sentiments and ideals; that always and forever, will the ghost of Rome—splendid figure of the ages—rise to shake warning and scarred fingers over the advances of the Cross of Christ, lest the story of her fall should be repeated before the children of men.

And to all this, what shall we say? *Yea and amen.* We shall even add that it must be considered the most brilliant crown which could have been set upon the head of Christianity, and that of all laurels, whose united glory signifies the salvation of a race, none among them are of richer verdure than these.

But, outside of the question of their quality, do such laurels belong to Christianity? Did not other causes conspire to Rome's destruction? Did not Goth, and Hun, and Vandal, and Barbarian come in upon Rome, as so many foreign and dissimilar elements, which would not assimilate, which refused to be incorporated into vital unity with Rome? Were there not so many foreign elements as to drag Rome into this chaos, and thus sink her out of sight? Such, we answer, is the truth. But a deeper question comes: why would these forces not assimilate? Why would these fragments of a common humanity refuse to unify? And the question exposes the real answer. Because the platform proposed was not so broad as to contain and harmonize all their differences. Because Roman citizenship was not synonymous with Manhood, and therefore could not grasp and unite the indestructible and essential humanity that lay hidden in Goth and Hun.

A new idea and ideal had touched the shores of the

planet. The whole world had felt it, and the ages to come were to witness its conflict and victory. When it reached the world, the two conflicting ideas of civilization gazed each into the other's face.

The old regime was this: Cæsar sat enthroned on earth; Jupiter sat enthroned in heaven. They were marvellously alike. Cæsar was a human Jupiter; Jupiter was a divine Cæsar. Jupiter was among the gods, just what Cæsar was among men. Both were tyrants. By both, the rights of others were abridged. Neither seemed to understand anybody else's right.

The new regime was this: A man, asserting that nothing but the truth could make a man free; a man, of marvelous sympathies, proclaiming; "The Kingdom of God is within you;" a man, of the broadest kindness, assuring men that God is Father, and that, hence, men are brethren; a man, proposing to rule by love; a man, dying on a cross for these sublime truths; a man, bursting through the grave with this victorious power; a man, rising into eternal glory with these noble sentences on his lips—all these had come into that air and filled it with the burden of a revolution. After those magnificent assertions of the value of the individual, you could not add a day to the life of Cæsarism. After that dying, to rule men by boundless brotherhood, you could not consolidate men under any other ruling idea. Rome had to be broad as Manhood, or nothing. No force could assimilate these straggling fragments of humanity but a manhood framed under the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.

Do you wonder that Rome fell? Do you wonder that men preferred a dying Savior to a living tyrant? Do you wonder that Jupiter, the tyrant, retired before God, the Father? Do you marvel that Cæsar, the

oppressor, retired before the face of the elder brother of men, even Jesus Christ?

And, I repeat, these are her richest laurels; and Christianity gladly transforms that scorn into compliment. It would not have Rome again. It does not value gilded slavery with any son of liberty. It looks into the face of Freedom, and then says: pile up the gold and jewels in one scale, add Roman literature and song, add Roman eloquence and arms, add Roman power and possession; add grandeur, magnificence and glory, and cover it with the gems of templed Rome; and place in the other scale, one single soul, quivering for liberty, and panting for freedom, and it outweighs them all.

Without stopping for any other teaching of these sad but eloquent facts, let us note that Rome could not make the many-sided humanity, which thronged to her gates, loyal, because she had no idea and ideal larger than all their peculiarities; broader than all their national differences, and inclusive of all their possibilities—which idea and ideal, is Manhood, as revealed in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man —yea, let us know, that no nation is safe, which does not recognize the value of citizenship, under that great idea, and no nation can fail whose issues are made instinct with the destinies of such a redeemed human race.

Centuries of the darkest time! Years of the Dark Ages! We call on you for your testimony concerning the relation of the ideas of Jesus to liberty.

It will not be questioned that the idea of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, was a new idea in the world, with Jesus Christ. It will not be questioned, that Caesarism was the reigning idea. Caesarism that knew nothing of equal rights; Caesarism, that thought not of the value of the individual;

Caesarism, that laughed at the rights of minorities; Caesarism, that placed its foot of power upon what did not bend with slavery before it.

Now, I think it will be very easy for us to see, which idea leads Liberty forth from these ten centuries of darkness, and in almost every struggle, to determine the position of the newly wrought conception of the rights of men.

With the fall of Rome, ancient civilization is swept away. For ten centuries civilized society, torn into a thousand fragments by barbarian incursion, is a medley of hostile forces. For ten centuries it is one cry of anguish, one moan of death. Italy is the center of humanity. But Spain, Britain, Northern Africa, and Gaul, are frozen into silent but frightful fear. Only at Constantinople, where a few assert themselves to be the successors of Augustus, dare a man whisper of the possibilities of government. Only a semblance of sovereignty plays, and that fast and loose, between the Danube to the Nile and Tigris. The blood of citizens alone remains, to mark the steps of royalty. War leads its horrid daughters, Pestilence and Famine, into the cities. Deserted are the villages; plundered are the provinces; well nigh complete is the desolation.

Wearily, in the darkness, the years pass away. But a great struggle is to come; and that first great struggle, after the fall of Rome, to which the students of history point, was, in general outline, the first struggle after the death of Jesus between the idea of a man, and his right to himself, and the idea of Caesarism, which had ruled so long. Nothing can hide the real issue of that tremendous combat. The provinces were torn loose from the empire. They had become hostile kingdoms. The relations between the emperors of the East and those of the West were involved. Constantinople was rejoicing

at the fall of its Italian rival. But another had pitched his tents in the plains of Pannonia and Thrace, and in his eyes, and the eyes of the seven hundred thousand hideous-faced Huns who were with him, glittered terror and woe. That was Attila. What is the inspiration of his conduct? Caesarism rules his fierce heart. His idea is the rulership and conquest of the whole world. His theory is, that "might makes right." He looks upon these doomed kingdoms as spoils. He gazes upon these broken fragments of humanity as his own, by right, as he shall easily make them his own by might These were important moments for the future of civilization. Rome, it was true, had gone forever. But it was not yet settled what forces should rule the great inheritance thus fallen to humanity at large. "Whether the Germanic and Gothic warriors should form states and kingdoms out of the fragments of her dominions, and become the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe; or whether pagan savages, from the wilds of Central Asia, should crush the relics of classic civilization, and the early institutions of the Christianized Germans, in one hopeless chaos of barbaric conquest."

Thus on one side was personal freedom, and personal honor, and on the other, the blackest tyranny, and the fiercest ignorance and cruelty. There can be no mistake but that those Frankish and Burgundian kings, seeking to defend themselves and their mutual Christian faith, held for the world the then small, but mighty, idea of self-government, against Caesar, come again to men — Attila, who called himself *The Dread of the World*, and whose awful lineaments have found the poet's pen to fix them forever as the hateful picture of a tyrant:

"Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced—
Of Chalybæan temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
Was over-brow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that gleamed
Strangely in wrath, as though some spirit unclean,
Within that corporal tenement installed,
Look'd from its windows, but with tempered fire
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crowned
A cicatrized, swarth visage; but, withal,
That questionable shape such glory wore,
That mortals quailed beneath him."

Such, at the head of his awful host, was he whom the confederate armies met on the broad and beautiful Chalons plains. He rode in the center. His attack was furious. He was repulsed. The night came. Attila prepared his splendid and lofty funeral pyre, and stationed himself upon it. But the morning broke and revealed miles of carnage. A retreat was allowed, and, in the beating sounds of this great retreat, I hear the first music of conquest which was ever organized on this planet, for the idea that every man has a right to himself as the Son of the Eternal God.

Never again did he so threaten the destinies of the race, and the vast empire, consolidated by his might, was, two years afterwards, at his death, dissevered by the valiant assertions of their rights whose personal liberty seemed swallowed up by the ambitions of tyranny.

I am aware that, here and now, I ought to acknowledge, that, while the idea of liberty, as we shall see it, is and was pre-eminently Christian, there was much that was done in all this long and weary darkness by the Church, which held not a gleam of human freedom in its constitution or results. But Christianity, pure and from the throne of God, disclaims the wholesale hypoc-

risy which has attached itself to her garments, and it is impossible to affix to the philosophy of Jesus the foul names of men who sought to associate themselves with the progress of the Cross of Christ. I anticipate this objection, and before I proceed, I urge you to take with me, from the New Testament, as from a box of matches, single sentences which reveal the absurdity of the plea, that Christianity is to be held responsible for wickedness which was so opposed to her spirit, and is so freely condemned by her letter.

I want you to listen to the assertion that "every outrage is a partnership with some holy text." If the error-magazine had been ransacked, no more self-explosive falsehood could have been produced. In justice to the fact, that, behind the dark ages, this sentiment hides its wretched face, I beg for your attention while we strike these matches and gaze into the faces of those whom stupid ignorance charges to the politics of Jesus.

Who are you here in the dark? "I am Simon De Montfort. I whetted my sword, and saw streams of blood flow from the headless bodies of the Albigenses; fifteen hundred of them groaned in death on the taking of Beziers; Amiery's sister was thrown alive into a well; eighty Knights perished by this keen blade of mine; and that is not half of my record. By the way, I was the leader of the holy war under Pope Innocent III." I strike a match—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God," and in that light I say: hide your infernal face.

Who are you? "I am Richard. I murdered my enemies. I cheated my trusting friends. But I was a churchman." Strike a light! "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, I will profess, I never knew you." Away with this royal rascal.

Who are you, here in the shadow? "I am a king;

my name is John. The Pope had said I was king. The people stole the Magna-Charta. I would murder them all if I could. I am bound to rule. I ache for revenge. Don't forget I am a churchman." Strike a light,—let me see it blaze forth in my hand: "when ye pray, say: Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Banish this slave of the devil.

Who are you? "I am a captain of the hosts; the more I slay, the more I shall be apt to get into power; If I see an innocent wing of men there, I will kill them, and then reign; I am a holy man; this is a holy war." Oh, spirit of Light, a match! It blazes forth: "when ye pray, say; thy Kingdom come." Back with the hosts of Satan.

Who are you, and you, and you? "I am a clergyman; I have lived like a devil; I have accomplished amazing iniquities; I have enjoyed the wail of the dying, when I knew my hand might have saved; I am a priest; I have cut off heads in God's name; I have abandoned myself to luxury, ease and sin; I am the man about whom the riot occurred; I am a Prelate; I have sold myself to the devil, again and again; I lived in the monastery at Fe Camp." Oh Spirit of Light—a taper! Burns the sentence: "Woe unto you—"; and I see them fall, robes and all, into deepest damnation.

Who are you? "I am a king, I believe that I ought to rule; my father was a king also; I am of royal blood, and the aristocracy of the great flows through me." A light!— "Whosoever shall be chief among you let him be the servant of all." Leave your throne.

Who are you? "I am a strict man, very; I fast, and pray, and sing, and I am solemn; I did, and do yet, lie and steal, and commit sins, but I am strict and careful." Strike a light:— "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." Another:— "I say unto you that except your

righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Another light:—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Another light:—"Take heed not to give your alms before men, to be seen of them." Oh ye black faces! Darker are ye than the Dark Ages; Oh Rogue's Gallery of history! oh slaves of satan! VANISH.

It is more absurd to charge these men to Christianity than to charge the laws of health with the yellow fever. It is as illogical to accuse the politics of Jesus of such results, as to assign the death of Hamilton to the Declaration of Independence, or to affix to the account of the Constitution the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, like the whip of small cords, men and women, those splendid sentences of Jesus, drive out of the company of heroes, in these dark times, every coward, every tyrant, every black-hearted wretch of woe, every enemy of liberty, every man that, in this audience to-day, near the close of the 19th Century, would be called vicious or base. Not one man, in the Dark Ages, can be charged to Christianity, who cannot be charged to it, to-day; and in the glimmer of these burning matches, a few of which have been taken from this inexhaustible box, I see something else. Come! oh Spirit of Light! that this hazy vision may clear up into outline. Strike the light! "He that shall save his life shall lose it, he that shall lose his life shall save it unto life eternal"—a hundred heroes stand abreast. Strike the light: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A hundred eyes gaze into the face of the Infinite. Strike the light: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sadness shall flee away"—a hundred more

are beginning the song. Strike the light! "The Kingdom of God is within you;"—a hundred more shake the chains from their wrists. Strike the light! "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"—a hundred more are chanting psalms of liberty. Strike the light, oh Holy Ghost!—"Beloved, now are ye the sons of God,"—a hundred more cry: *My Father, My Father!* Strike the light! "I am the resurrection and the life"—a hundred of the dead rise, caparisoned for the eternal crusade of freedom. Strike the light! oh muse and angel of the highest!—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The ranks close. The shining armament of God's own heroes wooes the sunbeams. A thunder-roll of victorious song peals to the opened sky. The King of Kings appears. He leads. He conquers. From Galilee, over Calvary, to Olivet; up through the shivered skies,—He cries: *Follow Me, Follow Me;*—and modern civilization, with Cromwell, Lincoln, Gladstone, Deak and David Livingstone, follows on to glory, and to God.

With this objection out of our way, we resume the history of liberty, after the battle of Chalons. It resolved itself simply into the history of the fight between Cæsarism in its various phases and disguises, and the idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man.

Odoacer extinguished the Roman Empire of the West in 476. Chaos ruled supreme. Out of it, or rather in the midst of it, the French monarchy was established in Gaul by Clovis. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, came upon the scene to gain the good opinion of the Roman bishop, and to flaunt before the people a most superstitious love of ancient Rome, and a deep hatred of their degeneracy. Under him a full third of Italy

was occupied and improved. Britain was partially conquered, and the Saxons, Angles and Frisians occupied all except the northern, and the districts along the western coast; while eight independent kingdoms were founded by German conquerors, Italy was conquered by the Lombards, and the wars began between the Emperors of Constantinople and the Kings of Persia.

Let us take our position here.

The sixth century is closing. The madness is over. The chaos settles. Saxons from the shores of the Baltic occupy South Britain. The Franks own Gaul. The Huns from the Caspian Sea are masters of Pannonia. Goth and Lombard live together in Italy. The Vandals are driven by Gothic fierceness from Spain. Chaos everywhere—of ideas, aims, language, tradition, manners, institutions, laws. Out of what a wreck did civilization grow!

Italy is divided, and restoration is attempted. Civil war comes upon her, and Theodoric brings peace. Agriculture, which is the source of wealth to any country—Italy or America—is popular. Theodoric dies, and seven kings follow him. Another Theodoric has been reigning in the West, and without these two, history could find nothing but the baby-prattle of the new life. Still Jesus is crying to the race, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

The era of Justinian comes. He loves to have his people fight for him. He succeeds. Africa attracts him over there, with Belisarius, and freedom dawning to the subject of that Vandal tyrant, and the tyrant is dead and Africa is his. Italy attracts him over there, with Belisarius, and the prospect of liberty echoing from heart to heart in Rome. The weak prince is deposed. Viliges is captured, and Italy is his. War

in the east, and in the west, and with Belisarius, Justinian keeps Constantinople. But Jealousy, that meanest of the sentiments of the soul, drove Justinian into eternal disgrace, and I want you to remember him as the monarch who was personally a coward, as all jealous people are, who loved to appropriate other people's victories, as all jealous people do, who attached himself to the great by his greatness in reuniting in some sense the empire of the Caesars, who made one of the grandest compositions of laws the world has ever seen, and attached himself to the base and mean by his baseness and littleness in tearing from the sockets of Belisarius, those eyes, which had gazed prophetically until victoriously on the fields of war, and making a street-beggar, led by a child about the avenues to charity, out of one who had educated every storm about him into a calm.

For six centuries, men and women, the skies of thought and life had been hung anew with stars, and one of them was, "Do ye therefore unto others what you would have others do unto you."

All this time, a mighty force has been growing in the East. Mohammed, born in 570, in Mecca, amidst the extinguishing of the sacred fires of the Parsees, the shaking of the palace of the Persian King, the lake Sawa, and the other prodigious miracles,—Mohammed, of distinguished family and great genius, had thought out from the premises of human nature, and with the aid of sacred books, a system of religion which was calculated to engage every faculty of human nature, sordid and sublime, set it on fire by religious enthusiasm, and direct it toward either personal ends, or noble and humane endeavor. He took the passions and made them sacred. He touched the basest appetites and taught them a frenzied zeal; and he added to the desires

of human nature all the seriousness of piety. I do not forget his morality, nor that it was never thought so pure as when accompanied with the sword and lance. But it takes no elaborate analysis to prove that Mohammedanism was Cæsarism. It disregarded the value of the individual. It believed in the right of might. It compelled belief or death. The Crescent meant the rule of power, the Cross, the sovereignty of love.

But Mohammedanism has done more than to grow. While we have been speaking, it has organized its greatness into splendid armies, and with the fiercest fanaticism its leader cries: "On, on! fight and fear not, the gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords. He will assuredly find instant admission who falls fighting for the faith."

They gaze on the empire of Persia and Constantinople. They demand their allegiance and threaten vengeance if they disobey. They spread into Syria and all adjoining territories. They send consternation everywhere. Mohammed dies. But soon the mighty avalanche pours on, and conquers, as before. The plains of Asia are taken. The Cross is driven from the great cities. Fear and dread seize the souls of men in Emasa, Damascus, and along the Jordan. Western Persia falls. Medina is mistress of a christian kingdom called Hira. Triumphant stands this religion on the banks of the Euphrates, and with arrogance it sends its message to the Great King, in commanding tones, asking his faith, or the one-half of his wealth as an atonement for unbelief. Constantinople, Madayn on the Tigris, the capitals of Christianity and Mithrism become powerless, and Jerusalem, Aleppo, Antioch, Tyre and Tripoli yield to the hosts whose victorious invasion is checked only when they reach the great seas which wash the fairest shores of Africa and Europe. Egypt submits with gor-

geous Alexandria and the northern shores of Africa feel their conquering tread. Cyrene, the splendid rival of Carthage, and the magnificent superior of Athens, yields. Think of it—less than a century since the death of the founder, and this faith has pressed its bloody way over Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain.

But the century comes to a close. This faith—this organized and fanatic, this frenzied and zealous Caesarism, has reached, at last, men who have heard within their inmost souls of the value of every man to himself, to God, to the race. They have heard of the larger ideas of manhood, under God. The Mohammedans have met nothing but victory, and they who follow them are assured of success.

> "Nor were their chiefs
> Of victory less assured, by long success
> Elate, and proud of that overwhelming strength
> Which, surely they believed, as it had rolled
> Thus far unchecked, would roll victorious on,
> 'Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
> Should bow in reverence at Mohammed's name;
> And pilgrims from remotest Arctic shores
> Tread with religious feet the burning sands
> Of Araby and Mecca's stony soil."

Thus led, and thus inspired, rushes on the invading host, until in 732, they reach Tours. Here they find the broken kingdoms unified, the dissevered forces united, the divided energies made one, by the matchless generalship of Charles Martel.

There, men and women, Cæsarism and Christianity meet; above that gathered army swings the Christian ideal—the heaven of a redeemed and sanctified manhood. Above the other splendid multitude, swings the heaven of Mohammed, the ideal of this prophet. It is more than the gazing of the West at the East. It is more than a great army looking at another. There are the greatest ideas, sentiments, ideals and thoughts, that

can touch the hearts and light the foreheads of men. No man can doubt the position of Liberty. No rhetoric of history can hide the place of the angel of Freedom in this battle.

But the contest comes. Seven days of fiercest battle between the Koran and the New Testament. Storming against each other, like tempests, they rush, and fall, and rise, and shout, and pursue; and night comes again, to touch it all with silence. With the day comes the fury and rage of combat, the clash and roar of the thundering artillery, until at last, Charles Martel gathers all into one magnificent thunderbolt, that breaks forever the power of that faith among the children of the West. And in the weary marches of civilization, the angel of the future looks always with peculiar joy, and with a renewal of inspiration, at that second grand victory for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man.

The battle we have just gone through marked an era. The years went on. Here and there flew and worked the forces of "the kingdoms yet to be." But the battle of Tours had given a tendency and characteristic to things, that no blindness could fail to observe, and no policy could afford to neglect. Charles, thereafter, became a power with the activities that were slowly forming the material for modern civilization, and though he was rough and could not get from him all the Cæsarism, with which the air had been so full, his power was touched with truth, his omnipotence was modified, corrected, and influenced by wisdom, and he was, therefore, the representative of the progress of thought and righteousness over and above the mere persistence of force. So, if he destroyed a monastery, or took the income of an episcopate, nobody could forget that he had defended Church and State, and that he who drove

Mufti and Muezzin therefrom ought to have and own the Cathedral. Church and State began to lean each upon each. They had not yet reached the greater idea. Charles was the Church's benefactor, and her ally. Each sought to serve the other's purposes. Warriors and missionaries walked and conquered together. And thus, out of such nebulous ideas, was the clear and crystaline idea forming.

Pepin succeeded Charles. Pope and king were familiar. The armies of the Franks rushed twice to Italy, to defend the regent of the Church. Sovereignty and spiritual power became one, at last. We look backward, and see its necessity as a means of growth, but we look at it all, as the child in its cradle.

While we stand there, greatness itself, human power, and magnificence, sets its foot on the stage. It is the era of Charlemagne. And it is easy, right here, to shout Cæsarism. It has been done. He is called the "monarch of force," and it is said that he "coerced the conquered into belief and act."

Let us note one thing. We are looking at what must be confessed to be a mere child. Liberty is only beginning to walk at this age. It needed all that childhood needs. It needed the power that is worked by and in the interest of wisdom. It needed the force that was directed by truth. It was necessary, then, that some of the authority of right should be exercised over this dearest, but as yet inexperienced child.

Nothing can justify cruelty. Nothing can excuse barbaric, unmeaning and senseless invasion of private right. Nothing can disguise the fact that force and power alone have no rights of sovereignty. On the other hand, when right rules and guides force, when truth and holiness direct and control power, it is the wedded strength of omnipotence and omniscience that

appeals to men's minds, and asserts its authority over the private and sectional interests, for the sake of those interests which are public and universal.

I admit that they saw, again, in the conquests of Charlemagne, stretching from East to West, the vision of old Rome. But you must admit that every sword-thrust was made in the pronounced interests of a truth, which rendered the existence of another Rome impossible. I admit that many small regencies and sovereignties seemed crushed by force, but you must admit that every submission was the submission of the smaller and narrower idea of the individual and the mission of government, to ideas which were larger and grander by the infinities of God.

But while political disintegration was arrested by this great captain of ideas and armies, while he did no less in improving men than in conquering men, while systematic introduction was made of his organization, political and ecclesiastical, while the revolt of the Saxons as their first conquest, the destruction of the sanctuary of Odin, the storming of Ehresburgh, the overthrow of the Irminsul, the victories of Westphalia and the forest of Teutoberg, the coerced baptisms of Champ-de-Mai at Paderborn, the crossing of the Pyrenees, the defeat of Wittikind—while these all were accomplished in the interests of the value of the individual, and all were done for the religion which urged such a conception among men, force had outrun thought, power had gone faster than truth; and, in spite of the fact that history adds to all these, the incorporation of Bavaria with the Frankish empire, and that heathen Avar and heretic Greek were then defeated; the victories of Hungary, the submission of Pannonia, the glory of his marches on the Elbe, in Bohemia, against Dane, Wend, and Czech, against Slavish and Scandinavian heathendom,

the Moslem soldier and the Duke of Beneventum; that his voice governed the land within the Eider to Sicily, from the Ebro to the Theiss, far as the Oder and the Vistula—in spite of these all, it will be said when the story of liberty is written, that Charlemagne was its too earnest but magnificent soldier; that he was the greatest captain, who, in so much darkness, was so great an idealist; that he was the grandest monarch who ever loved liberty and truth; that he proved that truth must hold the reins of power, to keep power from tyranny, while he illustrated how that which might be cruelty, oppression and slavery, may be so surcharged with the ideals and destinies of redeemed manhood, as to fall little short of heroic endeavor for a race, courageous achievement for liberty, and magnificent crusading for the truth which shall make men free.

This, I think, we must believe, because, at his death his empire began to fall to pieces. Power had failed to consolidate more, while it thus prevented truth from consolidating less. All the glory of Charlemagne's career came when truth rode and held the reins of power. All the wreck and failure came, because power held and controlled the truth, of which, by right, it was only servant. It was a reign of splendor, whose beams, however, under analysis, speak these things The great empire breaks. But modern Europe comes forth from fragments—each a kingdom—whose every nook and cranny have heard of the true philosophy of liberty.

In the past we have felt the power of the Papacy. But now, as speaks history: "Civil authority had shrunk up within local bounds; but the Papacy had expanded beyond the limits of time and space, and shook the dreadful keys, and clenched the two-edged sword, which typified its dominion over both earth and heaven."

And Cæsarism, in men's minds, was not dead. Be-

fore the glory of Charlemagne's empire had gone, the old struggle comes anew. Louis, the saint-like successor of the great Emperor, gave, in his testamentary arrangements, the eastern portion of the empire to Lothaire. To Charles, his favorite, he gave France, as far as the Rhine; and Louis was limited to the distant region of Bavaria. If ever Cæsarism glowed in a man's face, and ruled his life, it did in Lothaire. He felt himself in power. He had already led his father, clothed in a hair-shirt by the hands of an ungrateful bishop, through the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle. He was now king of Italy. He owned Rome and the Pope. He scorned the rights of his brothers. He laughed at the idea of the authority of right. He shouted, earliest of all tyrants: "Might makes Right." It has been their creed, ever since. He walked up and down the Empire, and proposed to himself that he should be Cæsar, and rule his brother with a rod of iron. Jupiter, tyrant of heaven, went into the skies again, and this newest Cæsar yelled his proposed tyranny on earth.

But at Fontenaye, the contending hosts and the contending ideas met. In the blazing sunlight, and through the weary night, the battle hung at the expense of human blood and suffering, until the elements of representative humanity, breathing ideas of freedom, fastened defeat upon Lothaire, and the conceptions of which he was herald and apostle.

That battle past, we are, even with its gleams of light, in the darkest time. Dissolution is at work. Kingships are falling. The bishops become Cæsars. They depose kings and rule. Before you charge them to the ideas of Jesus, remember that, for nearly nine centuries, the world had heard: "Call no man master." Oh, how dark is this age! The manes of the horses are pressed by the hands of the Saxons, as they swear in Odin's

name. The prophet's great armies, the Saracens of the South and West, are gathering together again, for the Koran. But an invader, greater, more fierce than them all, has come, and, with hands of power, has placed a frigid grasp on the coming civilization.

Charlemagne saw it all. At a city, in Narbonese Gaul, one day, he looked out on the Mediterranean Sea. Vessels appeared before the port. "Ah!" said the courtiers, "these are ships from the coast of Africa, Jewish merchantman, or British traders." "No! no!" said Charlemagne, who, in his passionate and demonstrative grief, had leaned against the wall of the room, "No! these are not ships of commerce and trade; I know by their lightness of movement. They are the galleys of the Norsemen; and though I know such miserable pirates can do me no harm, I cannot help weeping, when I think of the miseries they will inflict on my descendants, and the lands they shall rule." A speech of prophecy! For standing there, we see it all. Who are they? What are their ideas? What do they propose as the warp and woof of civilization?

They are the kings of might; heathen and hideous is their philosophy. They sing songs of ignorant, blood-thirsty tyranny. They are missionaries of destruction, of slaughter. They have no faith. They have no ideal. They cherish no inspiration. They look and laugh, and scorn, at charity and mercy. They have left what we call Norway and Denmark, and they have swept across the North Sea, and, like fierce and famished wolves, they have descended on civilization, with nothing but brutal, noisy, invading might. Cæsar, untouched with culture, without honor or pity—a pagan, with a lawless Cæsar, has come again. They sweep up the ocean-bounds. They force their boats into the dwelling-regions of men. They come with defiance, and

they change the tyranny of priests into their own oppression.

There in England—the home of our fathers—villages have been burned; the pirates have frightened the people into terror; they hear the praise of Odin; Walhalla is substituted for the New Jerusalem, and skulls foam with the intoxicant. In 838, Harold makes desperate effort to restrain them. Alfred comes. The invasion goes on. They sail up the Thames, and rob London. Winchester burns. Nobles and families of the Danes come and settle in the strong fortresses, and in 860, Leicester, Lincoln, Stamford, York and Chester, belong to the Danish invader. And a Danish empire has come. Treaties are made. Alfred has a gleam of victory. The ideas of the Gospel have softened the pirates. The Danish chieftain, Guthrum, is baptized, and Alfred strands the navy of those that come to rule England.

But elsewhere the Norseman conquers. The Papacy enfeebles the people, to resist him. Rollo, the Norman chief, has traversed the Seine, and is entrenched at Rouen. Every possible precaution against defeat is taken, as they march on. They seize the frightened inhabitants and terrorize them into submission. They master Bayeux, and when the year 911 has come, Thor and Odin are worshipped, and Rollo laughs at Charles, while he holds all his conquests, as Duke of Normandy and King of France.

Events, that mean much to the race, multiply with rapidity. Four knights from Normandy visit the Holy Land. They return by way of Italy. They find the people of Salerno struggling with the Saracens. They marshal them, and the hosts of Mohammed are repulsed. Apulia is conquered; Sicily is conquered, and Canute, King of Denmark, is on the throne of England. 1041 sees the death of the last of his sons, and

Edward the Confessor reigns. Over in Normandy, Robert dies, and William succeeds to the Dukedom.

Now, Edward the Confessor was bred in the Court of the Duke of Normandy. Duke William is Edward's kinsman. Edward is childless, and three competitors stand forth for the English crown. Two are foreign; one is a native hero and a representative of the people. Harold Hadrada, King of Norway, William of Normandy, and Harold, son of Earl Godwin—these are the champions.

During Edward's reign, William's claims were unnoticed. But Edward foresaw the conflict. William was strong. Harold was the representative of Englishmen, and they called for his sovereignty as their own. Harold is found in the power of his rival in 1065, and on that occasion, William fastens, as he thinks, his chains about him. The Pope becomes the servant of the Norman, to awe the Earl and England into submission to William. Edward dies on the 5th of January, 1066, and England calls Harold king, and on the 7th he is anointed.

The Norman sends threats and reminders to Harold; publishes what he called the bad faith of Harold to all the world; arouses the Pope to his support, and calls to him the "most formidable armament the Western nations had witnessed." Pay and plunder are promised by William. Salvation is promised by the Pope. The fierce monarch makes the sea-ports of Normandy, Picardy and Britanny, ring with preparation. Harold collects his army.

But the King of Norway comes apace, and excited by Harold's renegade brother, he flies past Edwin and Morcar, and confronts Harold, near Stamford Bridge, where the representative of the people drives, with des-

perate and courageous battle, their foe into the valley of death.

Mid the splendor of Harold's victory, look at the gigantic hosts of William! They sail—fifty thousand knights, ten thousand soldiers—across the Channel. They land. The English fleet are dispersed, and at the head of this awful array rides the splendid Pagan of the Normans, against the rights of Englishmen.

Harold rejoices at York; hears of William; marshals his broken army; marches to the great onset. It is the leader of an affectionate people marching to meet the latest Cæsar. Harold's blood boils. His heroism shines, and no danger can terrify him. Duke William moves in grandeur among his men. The Norman host pour forth under banners. Assembled are the barons around William. He charges them with valor. They are armed. William talks of God, to dignify and make sacred his power. He takes the standard the Pope has sent him. They advance. Harold comes. The peasants are poorly armed. But they love Liberty. It is honest love of their right which keeps them from retreat. They build a fence of shields. Harold gives orders. The Normans advance over the ridge. The first division moves onward along the hill, and over the valley. Another and another division. The armies see each other. A tumult rises high as heaven. Trumpets, bugles, horns. They rush into each other's grasp. They toil with blood and gore. They rise. They fall. The whole contest is covered with dust. But hauberks are pierced, shields are cleaved, the arrows fly, and death rules triumphant. Strategem, courage grown pale, noise, the hurling of hatchets, standards taken, —all these in that conflict of ideas. But see! Harold is slain, and the Norman King takes off his armor as King of England, and, Christmas day, he is crowned.

Oh, death-day of Liberty! Oh, doom of Freedom! It was the gasp of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. It was the sealed and fated burial of the idea of Jesus.

Such, I suppose, did that day seem. So also did a certain other burial-day seem, to the Disciples of the Lord of these ideas whose defeat I have told, at Hastings. In Joseph's sepulchre, lay what seemed the dead result. At Hastings, lay, as it seemed, the carnage-covered corpse of the idea of the value of the individual.

But a resurrection-day came. He broke the seal. He defied the guards, and rose again to rule the world. And look at this tomb—Hastings! Why, the muse of history tells us that "this battle is the first step by which England is arrived at the height of grandeur and glory we behold it in at present." This is the date of England's birth.

It is not what a man can do, more than it is what he can bear, that gives him greatness. It is not more what one achieves than it is what one suffers triumphantly that makes him sublime. It is also an idea's value and greatness that it can be flung into a grave and break through it in glorious resurrection. And because of the resurrection power, with which He who rose again has invested all He touched, His idea of liberty rose out of that Norman conquest to conquer the world. The fact is, that the English furnished the ideas, and the Norman the bone, and blood, and muscle of Modern England. While the Norman conquered with the sword, the Englishman conquered with his idea. These inspirations seized the hardy conqueror; these sentiments controlled the lofty scorn of the Northman; these ideals became sky to the haughty and strong invader, and on his courage, by his matchless valor, through his hardihood, they went on to be sovereign over all men.

For, we walk on with the ages. William quells every rising of the English without mercy. The Pope is delaying the dawn by asserting power which is not given him by the religion he scorns, while he preaches it. The crusades come and go, and John is on the throne of England in 1204. Wars come, but a grand struggle is on hand.

John's reign has been one of outrageous abridgement of the rights of the people. He was the strong representative of royal oppression. The Pope seized him to propagate and enlarge the domains of his rule. 1215 saw the patience of noble and peasant, bishop and priest, rise from exhaustion into powerful indignation. And the blood of the Norman, now having been saturated for years with the ideas of the defeated Harold, warmed the veins of those barons and freeholders, citizens and yeomen, as they sent word to John that they desire to meet and should meet him.

We stand with them in the meadows of Runnymede. Never was there met such an army as this. They are fit to begin a nation's life. In the blooming morning, shine the coats of mail on the bravest and best men of England. Tents and shining armaments greet the sunrise. Away yonder, there, is Windsor Castle—the home of the king. Away there, above, is the infinite sky, with God behind it—overlapping Runnymede and Windsor Castle—emblem of the possibility of manhood. The army is serious—grandly serious. They stand and look from the awful depths of manhood. John blusters about the court. The Barons have written their demands on parchment. They call themselves the *Army of God.* The 15th of June comes,—silently comes from the castle, John and his cavalcade. On an Island, half afraid, he sits to sign his name to a document. He stamps the seal. The *Magna Charta,* the palla-

dium of Anglo-Saxon Liberty, is signed and sealed. That marked an era. That was pure manhood, making place and power bend before it. Silently came he from the castle. In the silence of eternity came royalty, with herald and guard, riding down to man to do him homage. It was the publication to all the ages, that not in Windsor Castle, not in the tyrant John, not in cavalcade, nor in a king's crown, is sovereignty, ideal and god-like, but in men, in whose bosom God has lodged His Kingdom. It is humanity conquering a fragment.

Of course, John raves, and swears. Man is larger than the king. Of course, he rolls his eyes, tramps the castle, grits his teeth, chews his cane, rages. For John, like many others, is doomed to oblivion if he cannot play the tyrant. He goes to Rome, kisses the Pope's toe. Innocent II. is on his side. John repeats Gregory's saying in 1056, after the battle of Hastings:—"To the Pope belongs the right to make new laws. All kings shall bow to him. He has the right of deposing Emperors. His sentence can not be revoked. He can not be judged by any. Nobody who appeals to him can be judged. He cannot err. He can loose any man from his oath. He can do no wrong."

John cries; licks the dust; holds the Charter; begs to be released. The Pope knows that when the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is believed by men, his authority is done. He threatens the Barons. He releases John. But man thunders back to Rome: "It is not the Pope's business to meddle with the political affairs, the rights and liberties of Englishmen." The Pope and John are against the Barons. John dies. The *Magna Charta* and humanity remain.

But what does it embody? *Magna Charta* means not only the bare Parliament, it means that no taxes shall be levied by the king; no cattle shall be driven

into camp; twenty-five Barons shall see to that; no freeman shall be punished until he is tried by freemen. Liberty is established on a secure foundation—manhood under God; woman is not to be sold or married by force; no power must violate the franchises. Man is larger than England, for commerce is free to aliens. The court of Common Pleas is not the king, but is at Westminster; no arbitrary imprisonment or impoverishing of freemen. Says the 29th chapter of Henry III. charter: "No person shall be taken or imprisoned, or be desized of his freehold or liberties or free custom, or be out-lawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed: nor will we pass upon him nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land; we will not deny or delay to any man, justice or right."

John Milton said: "The strong man was aroused from sleep and shook his invincible locks." The tide rolls in. About this fixed idea, gather the elements. Henry can not stop it. Weakness, imbecility and his slavery to the Pope can not ward off the progress of these ideas. Man is roused for the first time; roused by the conceptions of Jesus. Nothing else has brought him to his feet. He is shaking off tyrants, aristocrats, and all authority, save that which comes from the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.

In the weak reign of Henry, man develops. Man owns these circumstances and rises out of them into the next, a hero. Edward, the man of strength, did not follow John, but man did, and man grew amid the baby prattle of Henry, like a wheat stalk in the silence of the night. The charter is ratified. Man is at the head. Parliament begins to accommodate itself to the times, and the pivot-idea of checks and balances in government, by supply and redress, upon which so much turned, is developed. The king is an idea. The clergy

frighten him and make him a liar. The Pope agrees to it, and man lets him play like a babe in that royal palace. Henry wants aid; he levies. Man speaks in Parliament and refuses all the subsidies. Henry imposes on London, a tax. He plays autocrat. Man stands before him and he dares not pretend to the power of general taxation. Henry's sister's marriage is to be paid for; man said: "You have not taken the advice of me in the Barons." Money for a war in Poitou is asked. Man says: "I remonstrate." Subsidies are sought and obtained, but man appoints four Barons as trustees, and Parliament begins to control public expenditures.

A crisis comes. Henry wants to rule at Naples. The kingdom is mortgaged. But man leaves him destitute with his Pope; and then and there, man said: "I am larger than my forefathers. Right is larger than a written scroll; honor is as broad as heaven; I will take the principles of the constitution, and follow them farther than the letter." And twenty-five Barons are appointed, to reform the kingdom. The court of the king's bench comes into being. The uniformity of the common law is safe, and civil liberty is wedded to civil law.

We are finding that the darkness is not so dense as it was.

But scarcely have the influences of *Magna Charta* begun their never-ending enterprise on the life of Europe, until Cæsarism, like a contagion, siezes both France and England, and for one hundred years, they fight for each other's crowns.

France begins the quarrel. But England, as history truly written shall teach, grasps with avidity the opportunity of making her self-defense over into a conquest of France. Between and within both, certain ideas,

which I have described, and whose worth, in spite of king and priest, we have seen advance—certain conceptions, great as man's destiny, are at work. They may fight, but we will see, that, while one conquers and then victory crowns the efforts of the other, almost every battle turns up new phases of their onward march to the rulership of mankind.

Leaving the *Magna Charta*, let us note the events along which, like the intelligence of to-day along the wires, the doctrines of the rights of men, as suggested by Jesus, make their way.

Often will we find that unadulterated wretchedness and slavery were softened and otherwise modified into evil "touched with little good," by the fact that a gleam of the truth found its way amidst regnant darkness. Such a case is in the Crusades, which, in the age in which we now walk, are coming to a close. No detailed account is necessary. Their causes, as we see them, are motley and numerously related. Their consequences have been a subject of dispute. But let us assume that vaster evil than good came of them; and we must note another thing, that in spite of their tyranny and opression, the principle of Jesus, which was nearly choked to death, amidst it all, was yet strong enough to save the Italian, and Teutonic, and Scandinavian lands from a slavery, wretched and barbarous, that if they did encourage rapacity and fierceness that seemed to quell the idea of Christ which still lived in that fetid air, the idea was powerful enough to begin an international exchange of truth by which men are made free, and potent enough to sow the seeds of a religious reformation; and that if greed, crime, and blood-thirsty Cæsarism did walk the earth, its step was not so steady and firm as to press the life from the conception of Jesus, which, living in spite of all else, did abolish serfdom, annihilate feudalism,

and establish the supremacy of the common law over the heads of chief and aristocrat. So, in much that was done, the word of the Son of Man, robbed this hell of its fire, and made even that darkness suggestive of morning. Meanwhile, Edward has felt the same spirit that moved Attila before the battle of Chalons. This is the time of the conquest of Scotland. And that the leaven is and has been working, let us behold the King of England usurping rights not his own, but at the same time planting in the unconquerable breasts of those men of Scotland the seeds of hatred which centuries shall not kill.

The hope of Scotland had died with the "Maid of Norway." Edward determined to assert his power. He began by extending the feudal homage which Scottish Kings had rendered for lands held in England, over the Scottish crown itself. He made the competitors acknowledge his supremacy. He chose John Baliol. Robert Bruce and Hastings submitted. Edward called the viceroy to England, to treat him with disdain. But the Barons of Scotland rose, pushed their King into the fight, and France rushed to the aid of Scotland in a treaty. England began to show benefits to Scotland. The alliance helped England. For the muse of history says: "When the northern army was strong, and the King was hard pressed by the great Wallace, the sagacious Parliament exacted concessions and immunities from its imperious lord before it came liberally to his aid; and whenever we read on one page of a check to the arms of Edward, we read in the next of an enlargement of popular rights." And when, therefore, in 1297, the Knight of Elderslie gained the victory at Sterling, the English Parliament ratified his powers, and began that dealing out of popular rights, which, after the battle of Bannockburn, began so to grow, as that Englishmen rejoice at its blossom to-day.

Thus while France and England are seeking to out-do each other by the right of might, the might of right gains substantial victories by way of Scotland.

But war comes. 1356, and Edward III. has invaded France, Cressy has been won, and the battle of Poictiers has been fought. Treaties are made and broken. Henry V. of England, in 1415, has invaded France again, takes Harfleur, and breaks the hold of feudalism forever at the great battle of Agincourt. Victory after victory does England have over France. Treaty after treaty is broken. Six and thirty years have elapsed since the battle of Agincourt, and the English have begun the siege of Orleans.

Oh! are all these weary years of struggle for nothing? Does Cæsar still hold reign? Does might make right? Shall the peasants of France not rise for their equal rights and freedom? Darkness! do'st thou love to veil thyself before the day?

In their distress, the Orleannais have given themselves into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy for surrender, for the city is surrounded and all is gone. Charles is in despair. France and Orleans weep before they die.

Wait! In the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, in virtue, with prayer, in purity, stands a beautiful girl. Patriotism and piety shine from her face. Heaven has fallen into her soul. She communes with the living God. She says God's line of march for her is to the rescue of France. Her fame, like incense, lingers in the valleys, and is carried by sweet zephyrs on to the field of danger.

Come! woman of God! all else has failed; all other hearts quake with fear.

She appears. Brilliant white armor, unhelmeted head, mounted on a stately black horse; she raises her lance

in her right hand, touches her small battle-axe and the consecrated sword, marked on the blade, as it is, with five crosses, and looks like an angel of God.

She reaches the city. Humanity throngs to her. She has horrified the English, and is praying now in yonder church. Now she charges the English to retire, in the name of the Most High God. They scoff. But now all France has come to her aid. And now Dunois attacks the English bastile at St. Loup, and the battle begins. The maid rouses, rushes back for her banner, and flies past all else, until she sees French blood flowing, and feels the inspirations of the hour so powerfully, that, meeting the retreating men of Orleans, she rallies them, and waving her banner, they storm St. Loup, and win.

But the battle has but begun. The next day is given to prayer. And the next, the forts on the south of the river are attacked. This girl is Joan of Arc, come to lead, to suffer though by the blood of that wound she had just received. Early in the morning of the 7th, she is commanding them again. They are assailing the bulwarks of the Tourelles. The maid plants her banner on the edge of the fosse, springs into the ditch, places a ladder against the wall. She mounts. An arrow pierces her. She falls. She bleeds. But she rises again to save the retreat. She cries; "By my God, you shall soon enter in there. Do not doubt it. When you see my banner wave again, up to the wall; to your arms again! the fort is yours." She waves her flag. She scales the wall. She cries: "Surrender to the King of Heaven." The bridge falls. The men of Orleans repair it, and Joan of Arc makes her triumphal entry into the city.

Oh, how the church bells ring! and how the music of the city breaks forth!

But, ye who have come through ten centuries of darkness with me this day! I have hardly heard those bells, for greater sounds greet my ear. I can scarcely see the bright-eyed maid who hurled the English from the gates of Orleans, for more brilliant, way yonder in the East, does the sky grow. The air is so balmy and sweet; and the old earth shrouded in night so long,—how the earth seems to lift herself and shake her awful front! Do you not see those bars of indigo and gold made more and more luminous? What are those great lines of glory that are laid along and athwart the heavens? And this charming glow of hill-top and mountain ridge, what can it be?

And see! Look abroad on the earth! Look yonder! One man there is that Papal documents have not destroyed. One man no slavery has enchained. There he sits. Scorn has done its worst; fires have burned most luridly; but nothing has destroyed or intimidated intrepid and free John Wycliffe, and his Bible. He is translating it. He has incarnated it in life. And now, grand man that he is, he is sitting, and placing his knuckle to the batteries of heaven, and bringing the lightning of Jehovah to the children of men. He is walking up and into the Holy of Holies, and, in God's name, leaving the door open for every man. He seeks the society of God, to make plain to men the elysian paths. He is Liberty's apostle, because he prefers to give an open Bible to men, rather than to perpetuate the priest-hood, and he champions the loftiest civilization by proclaiming that the only true citizenship in time springs from citizenship in eternity, and that the only aristocracy is the residence of a faithful soul with the immortals. More—as he translates that book, he is saying, that he who bows in fear his neck before a man is a slave, but he who worships God, is a King.

Look to Constance, in Bohemia. One man, who believed this New Testament, would be free. The streets have been full of caricatures. Lies have been sent stinging their way to his heart. He is imprisoned; borne to an island in the sea; and the strong castle, Gottleben, with its hundred chains, holds him. But he will preach Jesus and Liberty, until there are flames, crackling, seething, roaring, lapping the skies and laughing with red lips at his agony, breathing the horrible perfume; and John Huss, like the sweetest of incense, goes up to God; and every man who loves liberty henceforth shall somehow feel that the air is burdened with that incense, and know that at least one flame of fire shall burn, to light the progress of freedom forever.

Look to yonder workshop! How shall John Wycliffe's Bible, and the truth of John Huss reach men? Why, just now, I hear in the steady blows of that small hammer in this dingy shop, how that, which is nothing if not a popular treasure,—how liberty shall be learned of men. See the sweat roll from his forehead, and we look again to see John Gutenberg lift off the first proof-sheets the world has ever seen. Printing by movable types is invented. There in the midst of solitude, John Gutenberg makes a highway for the human soul. There he gives the spirit of man a voice that shall shake the world. He has made fast the thoughts of men. No more shall truth belong to the autocrats. The truth that makes free shall be as public as the sun. And because liberty is the tree which it brings forth, whose roots spread beneath, and whose foliage waves above the consciousness of men, new life shall come, and the juices of freedom shall circulate to blush again in rarest fruit that shall sustain the most unfettered and emancipated manhood forever.

Look yonder, and hear those sounds! What a noise is that from yonder cathedral door? Who beats its wood with nails? Who has fastened thereon a scroll in open day? It is Martin Luther, nailing to the Cathedral of Worms, ninety-five propositions which announce the value of the individual, and signify the liberty of men. And he speaks when they warn him: "If there were in Worms as many devils as there are tiles on the roofs, I would on," and asserts, when all the fires are lit to consume him: "Here stand I. I can not do otherwise; it is neither safe nor advisable to do aught against conscience, God help me! Amen."

It is the apostle of the idea that the Kingdom of God is lodged in the soul, making such a noise that its music rolls on through the ages. Look yonder! A man finds the truth of magnetism. He has untwisted the thread with which God has sowed up the East with the West and the North with the South. He holds that thread until it falls into the Mariner's needle, to interpret the wastes of the sea.

Look again! and it has become so light now that it is easy to see—yonder in the west. A man has been pleading before courts, praying to God, thinking and dreaming. His brave heart sends forth hot tears, but it will not fail. The genius of God has seized him. The Holy Ghost has touched him, as the spirit of liberty. Humanity cries through him for more room. Emperors will not hear. But he gains one ear, at last, and with the Mariner's needle, sets out for the unknown. Civilization has always "walked by faith and not by sight." And do not forget to note, that, in that log-book, the first mark is: "*In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" On! brave man, on!—over wastes of ocean, in the midst of scorn, through hate, rage, mutiny, even death, and despair, worse than death—On!

there is an America on the other side to balance. Cheerless nights, sad days, nights dark with woe, days hideous with the form of death, weeks sobbing with pity; but in that heart, is He whose name is written in the log-book.

"Land ahead!" And Columbus has discovered a continent. Humanity has another world for freest, noblest manhood, and the birds sing, the forests wave, the savage bows, as man, whose air is liberty, takes that soil in the name of Him, whose Truth shall make men free.

Light from the four corners of heaven! Glory touching firmament and planet! It is morning. Triumphant, beautiful dawn comes apace, led forth by hands scarred by Cæsarism on Calvary. It is morning. Farewell ages of darkness! Morning, with Chaucer, Dante, Spencer and Shakespeare. Morning, with DaVinci, Angelo, Raffælle, Corriegio and Titian. Morning, with Copernicus and Brahe; Ariosto and Tasso. Morning, with the idea that every man is a son of the living God, and that whoso abridges his rights, touches with hostility the throne of heaven. Morning, blessed morning!

And that morning is prophetic. In its gleam, I see the face of John Milton, Wilberforce and Cromwell; Arnold Winklreid and Lafayette. In its clear air, I hear the thunder of Trafalgar, and the voice of Wellington. I hear other things: the pushing of some tea into the water, and the voice of Chatham saying: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop remained in my land, I would never lay down my arms, never, never, never." I hear Burke and Patrick Henry. I hear the scratch of a pen, making a Declaration of Independence, and the voice of Samuel Adams, replying to the threatening messenger of George: "Tell King George that, long ago, I have

made my peace with the King of Kings, and that I advise him to insult no longer the feelings of an exasperated people." I hear Bunker's Hill, Yorktown, Lexington, and at last, the words of Washington, who will not be King, and the deliberations of an American Congress.

I hear greater sounds than these all. The voice of John Bright, telling England in 1861:

"The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing—that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of slavery shall be forever perpetrated.

"I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

> 'Wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation, stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

And I hear Wendell Phillips saying in America: "The shot against Fort Sumpter, was the yell of pirates against the Declaration of Independence and the war-cry of the North is the echo of that sublime pledge. Years hence, when the smoke of the conflict clears

away, we shall see under our banner, all creeds, all peoples, all nations—one brotherhood, and on the banks of the Potomac, the genius of Liberty, robed in light, four and thirty stars for her diadem, broken chains under her feet, and an olive-branch in her hand."

I hear the battle-notes of Fair Oaks, Antietam, Gettysburg, and the fall of Richmond, when Grant said: "Let us have peace."

I hear a pistol-shot, with the sound of falling chains. I see Abraham Lincoln ascend to God, with hands of benediction over three million fetterless and tearful freedmen; and I behold one great Nation, on this Thanksgiving Day, set her feet, more securely than ever, upon the Rock of Ages, and, as she looks into that face once transfigured on the mountain, and forever glowing with love for men, I hear her swear that her flag shall float so near to the cross of Jesus, that every man beneath its folds shall be free.

Thanksgiving, 1879.

THE END.

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